

# Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 4, 1972 160 CENTS

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**RONSON**

DIFFERENT BY DESIGN AND BETTER BECAUSE OF IT

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## Next week

**THE BIG TEN IS BIG TIME** in basketball again. As the season begins, Curry Kirkpatrick discusses on Minnesota's Ron Behagen, Michigan's Campy Russell and a rough league

**A SHOWDOWN** for the AFC Central Division championship sets the upcoming Pittsburgh Steelers against the traditionally victorious Cleveland Browns. A report by Ron Reid.

**THE MOVERS AND SHAKERS** of pro basketball are caught in the act by John Zarembo's camera, while Peter Curry pens the masterful maneuvers of the Squires' Julius Erving.

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## BOOKTALK

le himself," *Semi-Tough*. DesJenkins had a bestseller all about pro football, kind of

[illegible]

Such a strategy is not a new one, of course, and other "new" powers have used it in the past. But it is different in Syria because it comes from within and the leadership is from within. During the last decade, a party movement has come into being in Syria. It is called the Ba'ath Party, and it is the only party in Syria that has a mass membership. It is the only party in Syria that has a mass membership. It is the only party in Syria that has a mass membership.

Offshoots of the folk tradition are common with several folk songs. Dances are being taught through the singing of the children in the school of Westphalia. The children of the school are invited to sing the folk songs. The children of the school are invited to sing the folk songs.

Frank, on his way to work, says, "This party is just getting started. The 'Kamp Bull' is commencing to dig out, then a lot of shouting around the party, 'Hurray, I have a drink, I have a drink, I have a drink, I have a drink.'"

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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

## AWFUL OR LAWFUL?

A suit to force the National Football League to lift the local television blackout of the Super Bowl game in Los Angeles on Jan. 14 was denied by Superior Court Judge David N. Eagleson last week. The NFL has said that if all tickets are sold 10 days before the game, there will be a local telecast. The plaintiffs argued that there should be no "sell-out" clause at all because a blackout discriminated against Los Angeles football fans. The judge held that before a violation of the equal-protection clause of the Constitution can be claimed, "You have to have a primary right that is being impinged upon. The only right here is to get a television program piped into your house, and I don't think that is a constitutional right."

He also held that NBC was within its rights in going along with NFL policy, and he said he could not lift the blackout just to provide entertainment for local people. "The NFL has designed a product with enormous public interest," said Judge Eagleson. "The NFL and the team owners have a right to merchandise the product in any lawful way they deem appropriate."

And a blackout, he decided, was lawful.

## PETERSONESE

One of the fringe benefits of playing for the Houston Oilers is listening to Coach Bill Peterson, who does things with the language that have not been heard since Casey Stengel was in his prime. After Miami's Jim Kwik and Larry Csonka ran all over his team, Peterson explained, "We just weren't compared for their backfield." Discussing strategy, he said, "We're changing our floormat this week." Of a limping player, "He has a chronicle knee injury." Of the Oakland Raiders: "That Oakland is tough. They intimidate your offense, they intimidate your defense, they even intimidate the officials."

He has said, "This is the crush of

the problem" and "Things are going bad, but we've got to keep our cools."

In training camp, he told his squad, "We're all in this together, and don't you remember it." He also spoke of the team's goal for the year: "Men, I want you thinking of just one word all season. One word and only one word: Super Bowl!" And in the waning minutes of a game with Denver, he proclaimed, "Don't you guys think for a minute that I'm going to take this loss standing down."

One day, reflecting on all the problems a coach has in handling the various personalities among his players, Peterson confessed, "Sometimes I feel like that psychiatrist, Freud."

## HEARTBEAT

A team of researchers at Brigham Young University wired two members of BYU's football coaching staff to study their heart rates during games. The purpose of the tests, the researchers said, was to determine the extent of cardiovascular stress caused by vicarious involvement. As everyone knows, your heart can be seriously affected by external stimuli, even if you are not engaged in strenuous physical activity.

The two coaches, Dewey Warren and Dick Felt, were first asked to run in place on a treadmill for as long as they could to determine their maximal heart rates. This allowed the researchers to determine later how close to the maximum the coaches' heart rates came under the stress of watching a game. Electrodes attached to the chest were connected to a small transmitter that sent signals to a receiver. The heartbeats were recorded along with a play-by-play report of the game, so that there would be a precise correspondence of heartbeat with up-and-down moments on the field.

The results? Well, no matter how stolid and controlled a coach appears to be during a game, his heart is going p-a-p-a-p. In key situations, the heart rate jumped to more than 80% of the max-

imum achieved during the exhausting run on the treadmill, and during a BYU loss to Arizona State, Dewey Warren's soared to 90%.

The researchers say coaches should undergo careful physical examinations and then follow a strict training program in order to attain a fitness level that will let them withstand the rigors of watching a quarterback throw a fourth-quarter interception or a safety man fumble a punt on his own five.

## DREAMS OF GLORY

American boys used to dream of growing up like George Washington or Abraham Lincoln or maybe even Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy. But Chuck Smith, a 12-year-old running back and linebacker for the Ode Providence Pee Wee team in Charlotte, N.C., says he wants to grow up like Dick Butkus of the Chicago Bears.

"I want to be like Butkus," he says. "I've liked linebackers ever since I saw

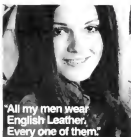


him play on TV. When I was little, I used to watch him a lot. I got the idea of playing football then."

Chuck also likes Dale Lindsey, middle linebacker of the Cleveland Browns, but that may be because Lindsey is a distant relative. He thinks Butkus is meaner looking, even though Lindsey may hit as hard—and hitting hard is why Chuck enjoys being a linebacker.

"I like to hit the quarterbacks hard enough so they have to sit out the rest of the game," he says. "I don't like the other teams' running backs. They're lit-

continued



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## SCORECARD

tle, and when they get around the end it makes me really mad and I hit 'em all over the field."

### BACK AND FORTH

Charlie Morrison coaches soccer and hockey at Mount Allison University in eastern Canada. Coaches who handle two sports sometimes run into schedule conflicts when seasons overlap, but few ever get into the kind Morrison did one recent weekend. On Saturday afternoon at 1 p.m. he was with his soccer team in Antigonish, Nova Scotia for a collegiate tournament. It took two 15-minute overtime periods to do it, but Mount Allison won 3-2 to become eligible for the championship game on Sunday. While his soccer players rested Saturday night, Morrison got into his car and drove 180 miles to Moncton, New Brunswick, where his hockey team was playing in another tournament. It lost 4-3, but only after two more overtime periods. Morrison got into his car and drove back to Antigonish. There, on Sunday, the soccer team brightened the pessimistic coach's travels by winning the championship 3-2. Too bad about the hockey team, but it was probably just as well. If they had won Saturday night they would have had to play again on Sunday, and it is a question whether Morrison or his car could have made it.

### FULL COURT TACKLE

The Philadelphia *Bellies*'s Alan Richman, sentenced to cover the basketball 7ers (who lost their first 15 and 21 of their first 22 games), brightened the sports pages last week with an All-NBA football team, based on a poll of 76er players. Richman figured a team that has kicked injury as many games as the 76ers should know a lot about football.

Most of the players were serious in their selections, although one anonymous voter listed the entire Philadelphia team as a suicide squad. He also picked Elvin Hayes of the Baltimore Bullets as quarterback because "he'd call his own play every time." The Most Valuable Player in NBA football apparently would be Dave Cowens of the Boston Celtics, picked as middle linebacker. "He's vicious," said one 76er. "He blocks your shots and then dives on top of you." Bob Dandridge of the Milwaukee Bucks received support as wide receiver because "he runs the down-and-out pattern in

the Milwaukee offense." And Walt Chamberlain was picked to hold the ball on all placekick attempts. "You'd never center the ball over his head," said a voter.

Here are the final selections. Considering that basketball players are generally recognized as better athletes than football players, and considering the size and speed of some of these men, maybe it wouldn't be a bad football team at that.

### OFFENSE

WR	John Havlicek	Bos	6' 5"	205
F	Elmore Smith	Balt	7' 1"	250
G	Bill Bridges	L.A.	6' 6"	235
C	Wes Unseld	Balt	6' 7"	245
G	Bob Kurland	Balt	6' 8"	240
T	Curtis Rowe	Det	6' 7"	325
TE	Dave DeLoatch	N.Y.	6' 8"	235
WR	Randy Smith	Balt	6' 3"	190
QB	Walt Frazier	N.Y.	6' 4"	205
RB	Jo Jo White	Bos	6' 5"	190
RB	Mike Newton	Bos	6' 4"	200

### DEFENSE

E	Nate Thurmond	GS	6' 11"	235
E	Tom Boggs	Chi	7'	270
F	Walt Rood	N.Y.	6' 11"	240
F	Bob Lanier	Det	6' 11"	290
DE	John Brock	Nat	6' 5"	220
MLB	Dave Cowens	Bos	6' 9"	230
LB	Mike Riordan	Balt	6' 4"	240
CB	Jerry Sloan	Chi	6' 5"	200
CB	Keith Erickson	L.A.	6' 5"	200
S	Norm Van Lier	Chi	6' 1"	175
S	Dan Chang	Bos	6' 5"	210

### SPECIALISTS

Punter	Mal Couch	L.A.	"	235
Placekicker	Bob Lanier	Det	6' 11"	290
Helder	Walt Chamberlain	L.A.	7' 4"	275
Returns	Fred Boyd	Phil	6' 2"	190
Captain				
Suicide Sq.	Walt Jones	Mil	6' 2"	185

### I LEFT MY HEART IN OAKLAND

On one side of San Francisco Bay is dull, stolid Oakland. On the other is glamorous San Francisco. For years Oakland was San Francisco's joke town (like Brooklyn for New York and Peoria for Chicago). Sophisticated San Franciscans liked to quote Gertrude Stein when the subject of Oakland came up: "There is no there there."

But with Oakland's becoming one in sports, San Francisco is growing uneasy. Oakland has the world champi-

continued

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onship A's, the conference-leading Raiders. It has taken the Warriors, it has the Seals. And now—this one really hurts—the sixth annual Cable Car Classic, San Francisco's annual collegiate basketball tournament, will be played in the Oakland Coliseum Arena this year.

Cable Car Classic? In Oakland? Next thing you know they'll be calling it Oakland Bay.

#### PUTT QUICK

After Lee Trevino was fined \$700 for abruptly quitting the Sahara Invitational at Las Vegas and another \$150 for criticizing officials for not enforcing rules about slow play, the volatile golfer offered some suggestions to help pick up the turtlelike pace of most tournaments. The most workable of his ideas seems to be one that would stop four golfers from crossing to the far side of the green to line up putts.

"There would be a saving of at least 30 seconds for every play, or a minute and a half for a threesome," Trevino said. "Multiply that by 18 holes and you've cut almost half an hour from the playing time of each threesome."

Trevino conceded that he has been guilty of casting the hole to study the break of the green but claimed, "I always do it in a hurry." To arguments that his proposal would have an adverse effect on putting, he said, "Not at all. If a golfer can't read the green from where his ball lies he doesn't have any business playing on the tour."

#### THEY SAID IT

- Errol Mann, Detroit Lion placekicker, asked if he was tough enough to help in tackling the bulkier on kickoff returns: "Tough enough? Shoot, I barrel through there and knock those runners right on my fanny."
- Bob Schwalzenberg, only member of New York University's wrestling team, which was depleted by transfers and graduations: "I get lonely at practice. I am going to have to get the school to buy me a tackling dummy so I'll have something to compete against."
- Dave Herman, New York Jet guard with nine years experience in pro football, on what he would consider a good draft by the Jets: "Every February I take a look at the players the Jets have drafted, and if I see there are no guards among them, then I consider that a real good draft."

END

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# BATTLE ROYAL OF LEFTOVERS

*Thanksgiving is past, but San Francisco, Atlanta and Los Angeles are still struggling to see if somebody can win the Turkey Division* by RON REID

Were they anything so mundane as the 1973 full-power, 900-horse, sorghum-drive, family vinyl top, Ralph Nader would have demanded their recall some time ago for erratic performance and defective parts. They have been the bane of boosters and bookies from Pismo Beach, Calif. to Buford, Ga. A graph of their disparate accomplishments challenges the fever chart of a malaria victim. They are sometimes superb, occasionally impossible, frequently inept and, despite it all, suspiciously still contending for the Super Bowl out of the NFC Western Division.

The subjects of this attention and concern are those bumbling, talented, mysterious, manic-depressive football brothers known as the San Francisco 49ers (6-4-1), the Atlanta Falcons (6-5) and the Los Angeles Rams (5-5-1)—three contenders in search of consistency. Playing the game the way a bachelor bathes the baby, they are sustaining what may be the most fascinating race of them all, as well as the most perverse.

It is the peculiar charm of pro football, for everyone but the Miami Dolphins, that the road toward a division title is potholed with defeat, and among legitimate contenders of relative strengths an interception wins for you one week, a fumble beats you the next. It's close, exciting and to be expected. Not so, however, in the NFC West, where a four-touchdown win indicates neither skill, strength or "finally getting it all together" quite as much as it might suggest a subsequent four-touchdown defeat. (Exhibit A: Los Angeles, a 31-3 loser to Atlanta on Oct. 1, routed San Francisco 31-7 on Oct. 8 before the 49ers crushed the Falcons 49-14 on Oct. 29.) Even more baffling is the dubious talent that

each would-be champion has shown for losing to an underdog club it reasonably should have expected to beat by some number approaching the cubical displacement of Totie Fields. (Exhibit B: Denver stanned Los Angeles 16-10, Buffalo astonished San Francisco 27-20 and New England infuriated Atlanta 21-20.)

"We have a tendency to forget how erratic other years have been," Ram Coach Tommy Prothro says, "but this one has been a little more that way than . . . normal. I think one reason is that Los Angeles, San Francisco and Atlanta play each other so hard that it's tough for a week before and a week after. When teams are this evenly matched and one of them gets ahead the other team has to play their style of football. The probability is that this race will come down to the last week of the season."

Prothro may well be right, and league rules do, after all, quaintly require one team to win each and every division, but the struggling troika has several other hurdles before the final weekend. Typically, only the day after Prothro offered his thoughts, his prized defensive unit—second best in the whole conference—turned belly up in the second half of a game against the Vikings. The Rams gave up 35 points in that half and 45 in the game, which was the way they figured out how to lose, since the offense, behind Roman Gabriel, unaccountably came up with 41 points.

Gabriel, whose ailing passing arm momentarily regained its lethal quality, was as confused as the next fellow. "This was one of the strangest games I've ever been in," he said, "but it's appropriate, because it fits perfectly the kind of season we're having. We're experiencing





all kinds of ways to win and lose."

Gabriel found a new way to lose himself this Sunday when he was called for grounding a pass late in the game against New Orleans, a pitty-pat outfit with the 25th best record in a 26-team league. That forced the Rams to punt from the end zone, which set up a Saints' field goal shortly after. New Orleans beats L.A. 19-16. (Mark that Exhibit C.)

"These things just happen," says John Brodie, the 49ers' injured veteran quarterback, who exhibits an insouciant attitude toward the fortunes of football. "People draw analogies from scores, but there just aren't any. It's just football. Three or four bounces of that thing can change the whole day. All that prediction stuff bores me. The game is in the

playing, and this race is in the hat."

With that in mind, it will behoove the other members of the contenders' club to keep a wary eye on the 49ers, who in Brodie's successor may have discovered the implausible leader perfectly suited to snatch success from an implausible year. In case you were watching a heartburn commercial Thanksgiving and missed seeing the 49ers score a 31-10 victory over the Dallas Cowboys—the finest performance by any NFC West team this season—San Francisco's new leader is a gentle lad named Steve Spurrier (see cover). A Heisman Trophy winner at Florida, Spurrier, 27 now, has been with the 49ers for six seasons, but he only became a starter late this October when Brodie suffered an

enough



The 49er defense upset Dallas when Dave Wilcox (84) blitted the ball away from Quarterback Craig Morton, and Ship Vanderschuer picked up the fumble and ran 73 yards to score (left).

ankle injury in the last half-minute of a loss to the Giants.

A round-faced blond with delicate features, Spurrier did start some games in 1969 when Brodie was hurt, but he was promptly returned to the bench for 1970 and last year his entire season consisted of four passes and two punts. The fans, who in other cities are prone to madly implore the coach to send in the second-string quarterback as soon as the starter throws back to back incompletions, were of no help to Spurrier. For one thing, Spurrier's personality seemed depressingly devoid of spark, marked with a coolness that bordered on the tack-adamical. His arm was also suspect, for Spurrier's passes, both then and now, flutter as if filled with helium.

Ironically, those very facets of Spurrier's character and performance are at the heart of his contribution to the team's resurgence. Compared to Spurrier, Tom Landry (the Sphinx of Dallas) comes off as a caving madman, but where he was once cursed for quiescence, Spurrier now is earning praise for being cool. As for his passing, he will still

throw a "swan" or two early in the game, but his accuracy improves as the day rolls on. In support of these claims, there is no better evidence than the overall 4-1-1 record the 49ers have achieved since Spurrier became a starter, and the Dallas game specifically, wherein Stevie Wonder completed 16 of 24 passes (11 of 13 in the second half) for 177 yards and a touchdown.

Spurrier's finest work came in the third quarter when the 49ers controlled the ball for 12 minutes and 10 seconds—seven minutes of which were consumed in a 94-yard textbook drive that began after the opening kickoff and ended with a 12-yard scoring toss to Ted Kwalick. Spurrier, floating soft passes and lazy-looking lobs that would not have taxed the grasp of Diana Ross, connected on six of seven passes during the march, three of which converted third-and-long situations into first downs. Moreover, Spurrier's passing enabled the team to run against a respectable defense for one of the few times this season.

Couch Dick Nolan's defensive team also contributed a strong performance



Willie Ellison, the 49ers' leading ground-

and the game's leading scorer, no less, in Linebacker Skip Vanderbunt, who came up with two touchdowns. Blitzing more than usual, the 49ers caught Dallas quarterbacks nine times and limited the champions to 28 plays and 56 yards gained in the second half.

Yet it was a benign mistake that accounted for the 49ers' biggest play. Behind 7-0, San Francisco Linebacker Dave Wilcox got mixed up and blitzed when he was not supposed to. The move surprised everybody, particularly Dallas Quarterback Craig Morton, who almost had his head separated from the rest of his person by Wilcox.

"He didn't see me coming," Wilcox said, "and when a guy gets hit like that something happens to the ball." In this case, what happened was that Morton fumbled it and Vanderbunt picked it up and ran 73 yards into the end zone. In the fourth quarter Vanderbunt went another 21 yards with an awry Morton pass for his second touchdown.

"I broke my shoulder pads in the first quarter," Vanderbunt explained afterward, "and they fixed me up with some wide-receiver pads. I figured if I'm dressed like one, I'm going to score like one. I don't know, but for some reason we play good against good teams, bad against bad teams."

If that continues to be the case, the 49ers should have it made if Los Angeles decides to play like a good team

Bao Thomas, a Cincinnati reject, is one of the backs Ram Coach Prothro likes to wave.





gaines, takes hand-off from Roman Gabriel.

Monday night (Dec. 4) at San Francisco. In many ways, the Rams' season has been more enigmatic than either that of the 49ers or the Falcons, for Los Angeles has struggled heroically with Gabriel at subpar health. Gabriel's problem is tendinitis in his throwing elbow, a condition that caused him excruciating pain earlier in the year before acupuncture and other medical treatment allowed him to grip the football the way he used to.

Against Cincinnati, a team that Los Angeles was singularly fortunate to beat 15-12, the Rams' game plan was predicated on the thought that no play would require Gabriel to throw the ball more than 20 yards. "That was our plan for most of the year," Prothro admits, "but he has thrown deep some. I don't think his arm is bothering him now as much as it was."

Indeed, if he showed little against New Orleans this week, there seemed nothing wrong with Gabriel the Sunday before when he completed 25 of 33 passes for 240 yards and a touchdown against the much better Viking defense. His longest throw, officially, against Minnesota was 29 yards, but many of the Rams' quick-out sideline patterns called for longer diagonal throws, and he delivered them with no difficulty.

Prothro, who almost surely brings more knowledge of the laws of probability to his art than any other coach

in the league, does not rely on emotional appeal. Nolan, the boss of the 49ers, is a disciple of the unflappable Landry. He sends in plays for Spurrier, just as his old mentor does for Craig Morton. By contrast, the performance of the young, aggressive Atlanta Falcons often appears—for better or worse—to reflect their coach's personality more than his strategy. Some maintain, in fact, that the team is terrified of The Dutchman, Norm Van Brocklin.

"No, we don't have any of that here," Van Brocklin replies to any charge of intimidation. "We have good morale."

He does volunteer the information that the Falcons have missed good chances to take charge in the West, and perhaps the team is a year away. Atlanta's two biggest wins came over Los Angeles, when Gabriel was injured, and against Green Bay in a quagmire.

The Falcons may have the best pair of defensive ends in the business in Claude Humphrey and John Zook—who, along with Linebacker Tommy Nobis, keyed this week's come-from-behind 23-20 victory over Denver—and

when the running game with Dave Hampton and Art Malone works, Quarterback Bob Berry can manage some devastating tracks with his play-action passes. Still, Berry earns better marks for his courage than his talent. "That guy ought to be the highest-paid quarterback in football," said Defensive Tackle Diron Talbert of the Redskins after Atlanta blew a lead to Washington last week. "We hit the hell out of him, and he kept getting up."

If Berry should fail to take Atlanta to the title, it will reassure a lot of smug, self-appointed authorities who have decreed that he is too short (5' 11") for a quarterback—just as Spurrier is too unemotional for the position. Of course, Spurrier will have another problem if he should win. He has been such an anonymous bench warmer for so long that he is still listed in the phone book as well as the roster. "I must be the only 49er who doesn't have an unlisted number," he says.

After six years of waiting for the call, his phone might soon be ringing off the hook.

END



Two Falcon former All-Americans, Clarence Ellis and Tommy Noble (80), stop Larry Brown.

## A NEW



## SOUTHERN RISING

*This time it is in appreciation of a joyous new Ice Age in Atlanta, where the expansion Flames are off and blazing and the neophyte fans are up and cheering* by MARK MULVOY

When General Manager Cliff Fletcher of the Atlanta Flames invited Bernie Geoffrion down for a job interview last spring, he told the former Canadian superstar to travel incognito and use an alias, something like Pierre Jones or Jean-Guy Smith. Geoffrion took Fletcher's advice, in a way. He booked his air passage and his hotel room as one Boom Boom Geoffrion of Montreal, Quebec. "It was the perfect disguise," Geoffrion says. "How many people in Atlanta had ever heard of Boom Boom Geoffrion anyway? Two?" Maybe not then, true, but now when Geoffrion strolls along Peachtree Street, Atlanta's instant hockey experts stop to shake his hand and casually suggest that maybe the coach ought to start using Henry Aaron on the Flames' power play and Pistol Pete Maravich on left wing.

In six weeks Atlanta has become a kind of Montreal of the South as Geoffrion and his upstart NHL expansionists have converted thousands of uninitiated Georgians—most of whom thought that ice was something you dropped into a glass before the bourbon—into genuine hockey nuts. Last month, on the first night hockey was ever played in Atlanta, the Flames sold out the magnificent new Omni and last Friday night another sell-out crowd of more than 15,000 came out to see Boston's Bobby Orr—his knees sound once again—singlehandedly down the Flames in a 4-0 Bruin victory. For their first 11 games in Atlanta the Flames averaged 11,300 paying spectators, almost double the average crowd for the basketball Hawks of the NBA.

Better yet, though, most nights the Flames have been on fire on the ice. As the week ended they were playing near-.500 hockey and were only four points out of first place in the NHL West. "We

are not trying to kid anyone," Geoffrion says. "We know we cannot beat the Bruins and the Montrealers and the New Yorks, so when we lose to them we don't think about it after the game. But I tell my guys that they can beat the other clubs—and they do it. We have no stars here, no guys who think they're better than their teammates."

There were laughs and snickers in Atlanta last year when the NHL announced that it would expand to the South for this season. After all, Atlanta had only one ice rink, and that was a bandbox called the Igloo with a skating surface about half the size of the standard NHL rink. Another problem was the city's lack of identity with a game played on ice. According to the results of a survey ordered by the nine-man Omni Group, which owns the Flames, the Hawks and The Omni itself, only 2.9% of the people in Atlanta had ever attended a hockey game and just 30% had watched hockey on television.

What these figures meant were: 1) the Flames had to sell hockey to the paying public, and 2) the Flames could draft nobodies and not worry about passing them off as authentic major-leaguers because the people would not know any better. "Actually, we didn't think we would have to win right away in order to gain public acceptance," says Bill Putnam, the Flames' president. "The people in Atlanta supported the Falcons with full houses for six years before they became a winner; at least the city realized that expansion teams were not going to become instant winners."

With that in mind, Putnam hired a local public-relations firm, McDonald and Little, to help sell hockey in Atlanta. "Their campaign here," Putnam says, "was based on convincing Atlantans that

there is a scarcity of tickets for hockey games in other cities and there will be a scarcity of tickets in Atlanta before long." The basic theme of the campaign was Get Your Tickets Before the Freeze. Atlanta bought it; so far the Flames have sold more than 7,150 season tickets. Teaching the people what the game is all about presented different problems, but the Flames solved them with primers in the newspapers and on television and with personal appearances by Geoffrion, Fletcher and other club officials at breakfast, lunch and dinner functions in the city all summer.



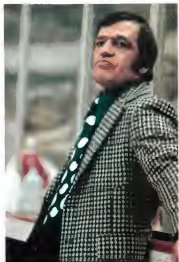


As a result, when the Flames finally arrived in Atlanta on Oct. 14 for their home opener against the Buffalo Sabres, the people felt they already were experts. "Before the game the spectators around me were telling their friends what would happen and how it would happen," says Warren Agry, a former New Yorker who moved to Atlanta during the summer. "Then the game began and people jumped out of their seats to watch a couple of players battling for the puck at center ice. 'Sit down, sit down,' I told them, 'nothing has happened yet.'" Shortly after the opening face-off some Buffalo player fired a clearing shot from his own blue line that happened to dribble up to Atlanta goaltender Phil Myre. "I couldn't believe the noise," Myre says. "The fans—all of them—stood up and gave me an ovation." Agry laughs as he recalls the crowd's reaction. "At that time they didn't know any better," he says. "Every game they get smarter, though."

Now the fans know most of the players by their nicknames—like Captain Klink for Keith McCreary, who claims his long trench coat was designed by

the same German who outfitted the Wehrmacht in World War II, and Mush for Larry Romanchuk, who devoured a full bowl of creamed mushrooms at a "welcome the Flames" cocktail party and then dislocated his knee the next day—and walk around town wearing red windbreakers with the Flames' insignia on them. "People are coming in and asking for pucks, skates, sticks, anything to do with hockey," says Bob McGaughey of the Reeder and McGaughey Sporting Goods store, one of Atlanta's largest. "We just don't know how much to stock until the rinks are finished." The remodeled Igloo will be opening again in a few weeks, and there reportedly are seven applications on file for zoning permits to build rinks in the suburban areas. "I see Atlanta as another St. Louis as far as interest goes," says Fletcher, who was the No. 1 aide to Manager-Coach Scotty Bowman during the glory days of the Blues.

On the ice the Flames have been the most surprising team in the NHL so far this year. Geoffrion has the best young goaltending pair in the league in the 24-year-old Myre, who had been sitting on



Geoffrion cools it in new domicile, The Omni.

Montreal's bench, and 21-year-old Danny Bouchard, whom the Bruins let go before they knew Gerry Cheevers was jumping to the WHA. Up front, Bobby Leiter, a little center who failed previously in Boston and Pittsburgh, has been the Flames' top scorer with 11 goals. Top rookie Jacques Richard has yet to prove himself. Geoffrion says: "He is trying to learn the English language, trying to find his way around the city and trying to find his way around the NHL. It will take time, to be sure."

Geoffrion himself has been exceptionally competent—and amazingly calm. Uleers consumed him when he coached the Rangers. "They took out three-quarters of my stomach in New York," he says. "What do I have to worry about now?"

Geoffrion also says, "I operate on confidence. I try to build up my guys. In the old days you could give a player a ticket to Buffalo if he wasn't playing well and not worry about it. Now you need him, so why not help him?"

Even if sometimes it hurts a little. This is the same Geoffrion who phoned a Flame-to-be in June and said, "Allo, Bobby? Da Boom. Put on your sneakers and run your tail around the block. I want you in shape when the season starts." He was. Da Boom is. And Atlanta loves it.

AND

Goats! Phil Myre reacts with stick and pads as New York's Jean Ratelle fires point-blank.



# AN OAK LEAF CLUSTER FOR GENERAL WOODY

*Aroused Ohio State, brought to a boil by the pregame oratory of Coach George S. Pat...er, Woody Hayes, put on two heroic goal-line stands to beat Michigan and earn a trip to the Rose Bowl* **by RON FIMRITE**

Woody Hayes, for all of his bombast, is a man of modest aspirations. All he seems really to want is for his besom pal, General Lewis Wain, to emerge from retirement and lead a victorious Marine division into Hanoi, for all dope sends to vanish in a cloud of their own wicked smoke and for his Ohio State football team to beat Michigan every year.

All things considered, Woody came rather closer to fulfillment than he had



any right to expect last weekend in cold and damp Columbus. His football team not only beat Michigan in a chiller, 14-11—thereby earning it an invitation to the Rose Bowl and the dubious honor of playing undefeated Southern California—but it did it the Woody way, which is without benefit of the forward pass and by Holding That Line. That line was held, in fact, as it has not been since the salad days of Walter Camp. Furthermore, General Walt, former assistant commandant of the Marine Corps, was there to share the triumph with him and to acclaim Woody as “one of the greatest leaders our country has ever had.” Finally, Hayes proved, at least to his own satisfaction, that good old-fashioned locker-room oratory can transport a group of youngsters higher, as he put it, “than any drug can.”

“Woody told us before the game that this would be the most important thing we’d ever do in our lives,” said Fullback Harold (Champ) Henson, recalling the moment. “And I agreed with him.” Thus convinced of the gravity of the occasion, Henson went out and scored a touchdown in the second quarter, his 20th of the season, an Ohio State record.

The fullback was hardly the only Buckeye high on words from Woody. His teammates, led by an arm-waving captain, John Hicks, raced onto the field before the kickoff like so many Warner Bros. Apaches. At the 50-yard line they staged a veritable free-for-all of well-wishing that was interrupted only by the announcement of the starting lineups. The game itself must have seemed a peaceful interlude after this riotous display.

Highest of all was the defensive team. It gave ground—or, rather, AstroTurf—between the goal lines: Michigan ran off 83 plays to Ohio State’s 44 and gained 344 yards to 192. But when their backs were to the wall the Buckeye defenders were not to be moved.

Three times the Wolverines had first downs on or inside the Ohio State five. Only once did they score. In the closing seconds of the first half Michigan drove to a first down on the OSU one. Chuck Heater, the hard-running tailback, lost a yard on first down. Heater shipped on the rain-soaked artificial turf but gained

a yard on second down. Bob Thornbladh made it almost to the goal line on third, but on fourth down Quarterback Dennis Franklin fumbled the center snap and lost two yards. Ohio State’s ball.

Midway in the third quarter, after freshman Halfback Archie Griffin had scored Ohio State’s second touchdown on a virtually unimpeded 30-yard run to make the score 14-3, the Wolverines moved to another first down on the five. This time they squeezed across on a one-yard plunge by Fullback Ed Shuttleworth, but it was a bitter and painful four-down journey. Franklin passed for a two-point conversion to conclude the day’s scoring, although Michigan was to test the gallant goal-line warriors one more time. Early in the final quarter the Wolverines reached familiar ground again—the Ohio State five-yard line on first down. Three times Tailback Harry Banks hurtled forward. Net gain: four-plus yards. Then on fourth and a foot, maybe two, Franklin tried a sneak. He was stopped short by what appeared to be 11 muggers. By now the 87,000 spectators in Ohio Stadium were convinced they were witnessing a return to primordial football. Either that or a rerun of a Jack Oakie campus potboiler.

Emotional as these triumphs of negativism were, they were as much the result of guile as grit. Hayes is not one to take a goal-line stand lightly. “They shall not pass” is for him both an offensive and a defensive admonition. When the enemy is at the gates, he removes two defensive backs and replaces them with tackles—on Saturday, Jeff Davis and Rich Parsons usually went out and Charlie Beecroft and Pete Cusick went in. With only, as it were, passing attention to the threat of a pass, the re-formed Buckeyes bunched into the equivalent of an 11-man line. This goal-line strategy differs from that employed by other teams only in that the Buckeyes work harder at it and it works. One reason it worked against Michigan was that Cusick, normally a regular tackle, was able to play at all. He had been hospitalized earlier in the week with a virus attack but was on the field with the other realtors on Saturday.

Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler was criticized by some for not attempting a field goal on at least one of his deep penetrations—when he had the ball on fourth and one on the Ohio State 20 early in the fourth quarter. His kicker,

Mike Lantry, had hit from 35 yards in the second quarter, and Michigan, which had entered the game undefeated, needed only a tie with once-bitten OSU to win the Rose Bowl invitation. Schembechler tried for a first down instead and, naturally, was stopped.

Hayes was not in the least surprised by his opponent’s strategy. There was no reason why he should be, for Schembechler was a Hayes assistant for six years and is so faithful a copy of the original that Big Ten people have taken to calling him “Little Woody,” a sobriquet he deplores. Indeed, Michigan and Ohio State normally play the same type of antediluvian football. Neither throws the ball, except in dire emergencies, and both prefer defense to offense.

On this day, however, Schembechler’s offense was positively roccoco in comparison with the old master’s. The Wolverines ran out of a variety of offensive formations, including the so-called pro set, and Franklin, a black quarterback who is as extraordinary a faker as he is an ordinary passer, threw 23 times, completing 13 for 160 yards. That constitutes an aerial circus in the conservative Big Ten these days. Franklin’s Ohio State counterpart, Greg Hare, threw but three times, completing one to teammate Griffin and another to Michigan defender Randy Logan. The third was dropped. Hayes, who like Schembechler called every play, admitted that the intercepted pass was a bad choice. The pass just is not Woody, the past is, and, as he advises his young charges, those who ignore it “are condemned to repeat it.”

When the game was almost over, the multitudes spilled onto the field, dreaming the “near-away” goalposts specially erected for the game and milling among the combatants. There in the middle of them, shouting them off the premises, was the poorly coached himself, Woody is no one to fool with, so the fans went back where they belonged. All this exertion on behalf of law and order cost Hayes a pulled leg muscle, the only serious injury in the game. What was he doing out there playing cop? Was he afraid someone would get hurt?

“There were six seconds left,” he said, rubbing the gimpy leg. “I didn’t want there to be any question about this game. I wanted to finish it. I wanted this game.”

He managed to get that impression across to his players. **END**

*When a simple yard meant victory, Michigan runners could not breach the Great Red Wall.*

# LIVE! BOOZE! GIRLS! ALI! THIS IS FIGHTING?



**A**t 10 o'clock in the morning there were two couples at the counter in the hotel coffee shop on the Nevada south shore of Lake Tahoe. They were solid-looking people who talked about the snow and played Keno while they ate breakfast, glancing up at the electronic scoreboard on the wall.

"Does Mo-hammad Alley eat in here?" one of the men asked a waitress.

"Sometimes."

"Does he eat regular food like everybody else?"

"Sure. Steak and prunes. Things like that."

"Steak and prunes? Hear that, Ethel?"

Just then Muhammad Ali himself walked up to the counter and ordered a cup of tea. Ali had been running. He still wore his sweat clothes and had a towel around his neck.

"That's him, Ethel."

"Think I don't know it? I want to touch him."

"So touch him," her husband said.

"Ethel, you're kidding," the other woman said.

The two women looked at each other. They both wanted to touch him. Ethel stood up first. "I'm going to," she said. "Watch me and see if I don't."

"Listen, get an autograph for the

*Well, no. But it was the sort of thing one might have guessed would happen when old Muhammad played Nevada for a non-bout mismatch*

**by EDWIN SHRAKE**

kids," her husband said. "Be sure and don't call him Clay."

Ethel laid down a place mat and a felt-tipped pen in front of Ali and asked for his autograph. He nodded and started signing. Ethel bent close. Her hair brushed his ear. "I'm going to touch you now," she said.

Ali looked up, vaguely alarmed. Ethel poked a long finger into his ribs and then did it again. Ali kept looking at her. Ethel snatched up the place mat and stepped back.

"Mo-hammad, you behave yourself!" she said loud enough for the whole room to hear. She went back to her seat, giggling like a broken pipe, and showed the place mat to her friends.

"Should of got him to write 'To Buzz and Scooter' on it," her husband said.



*Players pug and showgirl, a mixed revue*



*Waitresses deal out drinks to patrons who dished out gibes at Ali.*

Ali stared down into his cup of tea. "Sure is some strange things in this world," he said.

It is peculiar what people can think up to stick on the edge of a beautiful blue lake in a pine forest in the snowy mountains. Wag shops, for one thing. Houses that look like cuckoo clocks. Camps of condominium apartments. Honey wagons. Motels. Gambling casinos full of chrome-plated slot machines. Forty-one-pound mismatches.

Part of the Tahoe shore is parkland where the clean snow shone in the sun last week, and even from the porch of a pizzeria on the north bank or a taco hut on the south one could look across the water and see the mountains rising above all of it. One could imagine a conversation among the people who started building around Tahoe.

"There's too much nature here. We got to do something that tops nature."

"Let's get the guy that did Phoenix."

"Naw, not Phoenix. We need a guy that can work with water. The Miami Beach guy is the one we want."

"He don't do Westerns."

"What's the big deal about Western? All you got to do is put a bunch of wagon wheels out front."

So they built the towns around Lake

Tahoe. On the California side there are motels, houses and souvenir shops. On the Nevada side are motels, houses, souvenir shops and gambling casinos. The Nevada side is also where they hold their 41-pound mismatches that can be seen on TV as far away as Uganda. That, in fact, is why Muhammad Ali was in the coffee shop that morning. He was working himself up for the mismatch.

All week Ali never did seem happy about what he was doing. The billboard at the hotel entrance said LIVE LIVE NOV. 21 MUHAMMAD ALI VS. BOB FOSTER NEXT ATTRACTION NOV. 23 ISAAC HAYES. When he was heavyweight champion, Ali was a lot more than just another nightclub act. Now here he was, getting ready to perform in the same theater where Sieve & Eydie and Johnny Cash and the rest of them perform. No matter that Bob Foster is the light-heavyweight champion of the world and had knocked out 42 men in 54 fights, and that Ali was being paid \$250,000 for the work (\$125,000 for Foster). It still didn't seem right. Maybe it was the place—in a nightclub in a gambling casino in Stateline, Nev.

Not that there is anything wrong with a fight being held in Nevada. There probably have been more fights in the state

than it is worthwhile to think about. But here was Ali, a Muslim minister, one of the greatest men in the world by his own admission, having to walk between slot machines and dice tables and waitresses in orange boots even to reach his room. "The champ don't care about this stuff. He just goes right through it without seeing it," said Bundini Brown, Ali's old friend and assistant trainer.

But the unseen seemed to get Ali down anyhow. His sparring sessions were conducted either in a big meeting room in the Sahara Tahoe Hotel or in the hotel nightclub itself. Waiters and waitresses moved through the crowds (\$1 per head to get in) selling drinks. At the final workout, some people in a booth at ringside had a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket. There is no way this could be thought

continued



In this mountain air the fighter went into the lane



Champagne celebrated at ringside was more effervescent than Ali's sparring





*Card girl provided the only early excitement.*

of as entirely bad, of course. A boxing writer from London said, "I've waited all my life to be able to take a shower, dress, eat dinner, go see a prizefight and get drunk without ever having to step outdoors." That was him. Ali looked happy only when somebody like Bill Cosby (the big act across the street) would show up to joke with him.

One day, predictably, Cosby got into the ring with Ali and they clowned around. It was good for the crowd. In most of Ali's sparring sessions he lay against the ropes with his gloves in front of his face while Ray Anderson, Billy Daniels or Bossman Jones thumped his ample stomach. Ali looks more like a pro linebacker now than the lean and smooth man who knocked out Sonny Liston almost nine years ago. After one workout Cosby told Ali he looked fat. "I guess I'm getting old," Ali said. "Why don't you get me a role in the movies?"

"I suppose we could start you off playing Othello and then work up to the big-

ger roles," Cosby said. "Cosby has a hard time matching wits with me," Ali said. "Lucky for him I don't need his job."

The promoters busied themselves trying to make the 41-pound mismatch sound like a serious affair. They ballyhooed it as the North American Heavyweight Boxing Championship, which it could have been if Joe Frazier had stayed in Europe. They claimed the 6,200-foot altitude in Tahoe would deprive Ali of his wind but would not hurt Foster, who is a deputy sheriff in Albuquerque (4,940 feet). They pointed out that Foster had once beaten Ali when they were amateurs. They said that Foster, who is three years older than Ali, was quicker. Foster is half an inch taller than Ali, which was made to sound important, but his arms are an inch shorter. Foster was knocked out by Frazier in the second round, and people were afraid he had been killed, but the promoters said Foster nearly won the fight. One promoter said Foster's punch would make Ali retire from the ring forever. Cosby picked Foster to win by a knockout in the fifth round. What the promoters elected to overlook was that Ali, even slightly overweight, was not exactly a cripple. At 221, in fact, and 41 pounds heavier than Foster, Ali was fighting a man who had never lost to a light heavyweight—or beaten a heavyweight.

The crowds that paid their dollars to see Ali and Foster train (tickets for the 41-pound mismatch itself were scaled from \$75 to \$150, although a lot of them were given away to good casino customers) were very different from the usual gym crowds, or even from the crowds in Las Vegas. About half of those watching Ali and Foster work out were long-haired kids dressed like Hollywood outlaws who had wandered down from the mountains with cocktails in their hands. There were a bunch of ski-week couples, an amazing number of Orientals, quite a few blacks and here and there a Vegas stereotype in shades and an alpaca sweater.

Because of the drinking, voices were often raised to heckle Ali, who did not like it. The day before the fight Bundini and Trainer Angelo Dundee knocked on Ali's door, but he refused to get up and do his roadwork. "That's O.K.," Bundini said. "The champ needs rest. He's the kind of strange man people call a nut but turns out to be a genius.

One day he's a little boy, and the next day he's 106 years old. But no question that he's got Foster under control."

Ali, 20 minutes late for the weigh-in, looked almost morose when he finally showed up. "I'm not excited about fighting anymore," he said. "You people are the ones who're excited, not me. It's like a pilot flying through a storm. The passengers are scared, but the pilot knows what strain the equipment can take. I've been fighting since I was 12. To me Foster is a joke, Frazier is a joke, fighting is a joke. It's just another night to jump up and down and beat up somebody."

On that note of enthusiasm the 41-pound mismatch began in a red, white and blue ring set up on the nightclub floor. Waiters moved among the booths and tables serving drinks. Ali danced around at first and kept tapping Foster with a jab, apparently just to show that he could. Then for the rest of the first round and all of the next two Ali stood flat-footed, moving only to push Foster around, pat him on the head and paw him like a bear. He passed up countless obvious opportunities. People began booing. One loud voice cried, "Phony!" Bundini shouted, "Stop playing with him, champ!" Turning completely away from Foster, Ali looked at Bundini and said, "Shut up."

In the fourth round Foster put a purple mouse under Ali's left eye, but Ali refused to get excited. He was waiting for the fifth—the round he had predicted for the knockout. Suddenly the 41-pound mismatch developed drama. The moment he decided to Ali knocked Foster down. In fact, he knocked him down four times in the fifth round but couldn't keep him down. And Ali was bleeding from a cut beneath his left eyebrow—the first time he had been cut in his pro career. Ali danced and bled in the sixth, knocked Foster down twice more in the seventh and was himself shaken at least three times by right hands. But after 40 seconds of the eighth round, Ali knocked Foster down for the seventh time, and Foster did not get up before he had been counted out. Ali hugged him. No doubt they were both relieved it was over.

In Ali's dressing room—the sort reserved for nightclub stars, with a bar, stereo, color TV and mirror with lights around it—five stitches were sewn into his eyelid. "Now people know he's got

*continued*

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blood," Dundee said. "I don't know if the cut came from a butt, a thumb or a punch, but the important thing is Ali won and we can go home."

Ali was putting on his shoes and talking on the phone to his wife Belinda when Isaac Hayes, the musician, shoved past the guards and entered the dressing room that would be his next.

"Hit a note for Belinda," Ali said, handing Hayes the phone.

"This altitude done got my throat," said Hayes.

"Hit a note," Ali said.

"He's a little mad because he got cut. You better hit a note," said Bundles.

Hayes took the phone and did something that might have been called hitting a note. Cosby came in and faked crying. "You were bleeding," Cosby said. He knelt and stroked Ali's feet. "My master," Cosby said. He sat beside Ali and motioned for a photographer to take their picture. "Now, Lazarus, get up and walk again," said Cosby.

"I gotta whip Frazier," Ali was saying, fingering the bandage on his eyelid. "I gotta whip that man. Then make a couple of defenses. Then that might be it for me. That might be the end." He looked at himself in the mirror. "I'm still pretty," he said and put on a pair of dark glasses.

Upstairs, Foster was recovering his senses at a cocktail party. "Clay wobbled when I hit him and he wasn't fooling," Foster said. "I hurt him. Clay can't punch hard enough to knock out Joe Frazier. Clay will never beat him. Joe don't mouth-off like Clay does. Joe works. He breaks his sparring partners' jaws. He figures he's got to pay 'em anyhow, he might as well break their jaws. Clay can't hit that hard."

What was it, then, that caused Foster to keep falling down? "Clay hurt me with shots I couldn't see," he said. "He's got a trick. He jabs and covers your eye with his thumb. When he comes off the jab, he bats you with a right that you can't see. It's a good trick. But I could have beaten Clay if I'd used my left hand more."

That's all Foster needed to do? Use more lefts? "That and gain 10 pounds," Foster said, smiling. "Clay beat me because he's fast and he's 41 pounds heavier than I am. But he sure made me more money in one night than I ever made in my life." It was, you see, a 41-pound mismatch.

END

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## THE MARQUE OF ZORA

This courtly bon vivant who put his own stamp on U.S. motoring is still a cool-eyed avenger at the wheel of the car he developed  
**by COLES PHINIZY**

In the Christmas season 20 years ago the Corvette, a bright new sports car immaculately conceived by a General Motors designer named Harley Earl made its debut at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City. Although there was little to herald its coming, the first Corvette attracted a multitude of ordinary folk and also skeptical wise men from rival car companies. Many of the wise men were shaken by what they saw at the Waldorf and went back to their think tanks sore afraid.

Because of its recessed headlights and its wide grille, from head on the first Corvette resembled an albino toadfish with ill-fitting false teeth—but from every other point of view it was a slick little beauty. It was low in profile and low-slung on a short wheelbase. Except for rudimentary fins the Corvette had no unnecessary protrusions and little of the meaningless chrome that has afflicted so many American cars. In striving for a clean look, Designer Earl had even reduced the rear bumper to the point where it was a vestige, barely enough to withstand the impact of an onrushing bunny rabbit. Since the Corvette body was made of resilient fibered plastic, it could be dinged like a surfboard, but it took a lot more than a bunny to rumple it.

The throbbing guts of the original Corvette were engineered by Chevrolet, the General Motors division that for a quarter century had been making useful automobiles that were about as exciting as a Good Humor truck. So when Chevrolet—the master builder of fuddy-duddy cars—showed up at the Waldorf with a coupe called Corvette, rival companies were naturally nervous.

The new Chevrolet Corvette was billed



as "the first All-American Sports Car," a humptious claim that ignored the prior existence of the Mercer and the Sautz Bearcat and the old chain-driven Apperson Jack Rabbit. Sixty-five years ago when a dollar was a lot, the Apperson Jack Rabbit cost five grand. If "feel of the road" is one of the criteria of a sports car, the Jack Rabbit owner got his money's worth solely on that count. Whenever the Jack Rabbit's wheels found a pothole in the Godforsaken byways of its time, the shock instantly shot up the driver's spine and rebounded off his skull. At such times as a Jack Rabbit was scorching along a country road at 65 and ran into a flock of chickens and got some of them tangled in its chain drive, it was truly an exciting car. On such occasions the feathers really flew, blotting out the sun.

Although in the beginning the Corvette had relatively no more to offer than the old Jack Rabbit, in time it became a very good sports car. The Corvette of today has power. It is nimble and quick. It hurls deep into curves with no disturbing sway, and it comes out strong. In the modern Corvette the discrete trinity of man, car and road are fused. To appreciate this, one need only drive a Corvette for a day, then switch to a standard sedan. After a Corvette an ordinary machine feels like a large undulating mattress remotely associated with the road.

The car has taken on weight over the years—due largely to its increased power and steel reinforcement in its fibered body. Since 1953 its wheelbase has decreased by four inches, and its overall length has increased by 18. Its bucket seats are more comfy today, and its instrument panel is resplendent. Its tracks are wide, its tread is growing ever wider, its luggage space is shrinking. Still, through all such changes it has remained a sports car.

In 1955, two years after the Corvette, the Ford Motor Company came out with a dashing two-seater called the Thunderbird. The impending rivalry of the Corvette and Thunderbird turned out to be no contest because the cars took

*continued*



off in opposite directions. The sporty Thunderbird was not truly a sports car, never tried to be, and by its fourth year had become a four-wheeler. Then in the early '60s a trim and nasty sports car called the Cobra, conceived by a one-time chicken farmer named Carroll Hall Shelby and powered by Ford, made its appearance. In production competition on road courses the Cobra blew the Corvette off in the same convincing way that the Corvette had been scoring over Jaguars, Mercedes and other foreign marques. But while Shelby's Cobra was an honest sports car its virtues were dissipated by what is known as "rub-off" in the industry. Ford applied the names "Cobra" and "Shelby" to outsized, high-performance street cars, and about all that is left now of the original sparky enterprise is a highly tarnished memory.

Although it was not the first American sports car, 20 years ago the Corvette was the only one, and it is that still. This coming year about 125,000 sports cars will be sold in the U.S. Twenty-seven thousand of them will be Corvettes; the rest will be foreign.

The Corvette has retained its sports-car integrity and has held its place against imports because in the vast warrens of General Motors there are men of assorted genius who have had an abiding, almost pukeish, love for it. In the beginning the car surely needed love, or at least compassion and understanding. The first working prototype of the Corvette was known as EX-122. It was subsequently named Corvette by Myron Scott, a Chevrolet public relations man better remembered as the originator of the annual Soap Box Derby. A Corvette by modern definition is a light, fast and maneuverable craft. The first production Corvettes were truly light, but beyond that they did not live up to their seafaring name. They were not very fast or maneuverable, and when it rained they leaked like a wicker basket.

The first Corvette engine was called the Blue Flame Special, although there was little special about it except three side-draft carburetors that helped it whomp out about 150 horsepower. In essence it was the six-cylinder, valve-in-head Chevrolet engine that had been in loyal and humdrum service for 16 years. A 1954 Oldsmobile with V-8 engine could outrun it from a standing start. Although the early Corvette's leaf-spring

rear suspension was far better than that of, say, the model 1848 Conestoga wagon, the car was not set up well enough to appeal to sports-car purists. On tight curves taken at speed the early Corvettes tended to wander, oversteering in front, understeering in the rear.

In its first three years the Corvette almost failed because it did not offer auto buffs enough, and in inclement weather it was almost too much to take. Edward Cole, an engineer who owned one of the first 300 Corvettes produced in 1953, remembers that on his first long ride in the rain—from suburban Detroit 150 miles to Kalamazoo—the water rising in the cockpit compelled him to take off his shoes and roll up his pants. When he got to Kalamazoo, he found that the door pocket where he had put his camera was flooded. Joseph Pike, a Wisconsin-bred car nut, counted himself lucky to get one of the 3,640 Corvettes made in 1954. A month after he got it, while he was bound from Minneapolis to Cedar Rapids in a storm, water came in, not only around the window panels but through the leading edges of the fabric top and both doors. Ninety miles out of Minneapolis, Pike bailed out the car with a coffee can and turned back.

Clare MacKachan, a designer from Farmington, Mich., drilled holes in the floor of his Corvette so the water could get out as fast as it got in. This complicated the problem. When MacKachan ran into a real dam buster in Naples, Fla., the water came at him from all the usual directions and also up through the holes he had bored.

The preceding accounts of water-soaked Corvette lovers seem to be extreme instances, but they are not. The three lovers cited have had a long and greater involvement with the Corvette than mere ownership and would not bad-mouth the original car beyond its deserts. All three are General Motors employees who helped the car become what it was supposed to be. Joe Pike, who bailed out his car with a coffee can, has been the Chevrolet merchandising manager responsible for the Corvette for 12 years. At the time he drilled holes in his Corvette, Clare MacKachan was chief of the Chevrolet design studio responsible for improving the car so that, among other things, it was less of a sieve. Edward Cole, the engineer who drowned his camera on the way to Kalamazoo, is now president of General Motors.

At the time Designer Harley Earl was shaping a brave new car out of common clay, Edward Cole was manager of a plant producing Army tanks. In early 1952 he was asked to become manufacturing manager of Chevrolet—a big step up. He declined because the line of cars he would be making did not appeal to him. Shortly afterward, when offered the job of chief of engineering at Chevrolet, he accepted. At the tank plant Cole had been noodling out a thin-walled V-8 engine. It was largely the development of this extracurricular V-8—weighing 60 pounds less than the old Chevy six cylinder and putting out about 75 more horsepower—that got the entire Chevrolet line out of a rut and started the Corvette on its way.

In time, perhaps, little old EX-122, the Corvette whose slick looks wowed everybody at the Waldorf 20 years ago, may become a museum piece. But not at the moment; it is still snorting around on the public roads of New York. EX-122 is presently owned by a textile machinery manufacturer named Jack Ingie, whose wife Caroline nearly totaled it 10 years ago in a nasty spin-out on a wet Connecticut road. Except for that squeaker the original, historic Corvette has led an ordinary life. It has been to the shop now and then, but it is not treated as the family jewel. In fact, 119 of the 300 Corvettes produced in 1953 are still alive—a remarkable survival rate. To judge by the number of oldies that one sees at rallies, at concours and parked alongside race circuits, possibly half the Corvettes made before 1960 are still in action. There are no hard figures available for the Corvette since 1953, but it scarcely matters.

Whereas all the Corvette's love affairs with water-soaked engineers, aboriginal buffs and latter-day collectors have counted for a lot, the Corvette prospers primarily because at its Waldorf debut it caught the eye of a Belgian-born, Russian-bred, German-educated, French-polished bow rigger named Zora Arkus-Duntov, who was not wholly enchanted by it. Zora Arkus-Duntov is a courtly man, a polite genius endowed with the earthy candor of a peasant. After giving the Corvette a once-over and getting to know what lay under its smooth shell, he declared, "It is the prettiest car I have ever seen. But mechanically it stinks."

At the time, Zora Arkus-Duntov was  
continued

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employed by the Fairchild Aviation Corp. He was sufficiently impressed by the Corvette to write Edward Cole of Chevrolet, appraising the car and submitting one of his automotive papers. Edward Cole and Maurice Dille, the research chief of Chevrolet, were impressed enough to offer Duntov a modest salary with bonus promises. Although he was hired to work on advance projects for the whole Chevrolet division, in a style that Rasputin would have admired Duntov slowly appropriated the Corvette. In the early days, simply by altering the shape of its cams a few thousandths he got the car to accelerate and decelerate properly. He designed the fuel injection that made the early Corvette competitive, thus attracting the press and winning hack buffs who had considered it a dog. Almost anywhere you look in the manifold complexities of the modern Corvette—in its transmission, suspension and aspiration, in its cam-shafts and the sintered linings of its disk brakes—there is the mark of Zora.

In addition to bold advances and millimetric refinements, the present Corvette has a certain flair—an *esprit*, if you will—that seems to derive from Duntov. Whatever his influence, it is no more accurate to describe Zora Arkus-Duntov merely as the man who made the Corvette go than to remember Shakespeare as the playwright who popularized the rhymed couplet. Duntov is a latter-day Renaissance man, academically complete but always thirsty, intent but unconfined.

From his Russian childhood until 1950 Duntov's life was a progression of successes punctuated by near disasters and occasional pratfalls. Considering his helter-skelter past and his scattered genius, it is a wonder that he ever succeeded in a specialized field. Suppose, gentle reader, you were asked to design a better hand grenade, or a diesel locomotive, or a 14-inch lathe, or a torsional vibration damper, or an atomic compressor, could you do it? Could you modify the old Ford 100-horsepower flathead engine to get 160 honest horses out of it? If given the job of designing an eight-horsepower truck so that it would haul two tons at 12 miles an hour on the *Straßen* of Berlin, could you develop such an improbable low-powered machine with a clutch simple enough for a chimpanzee to operate? Suppose your teen-age noodling had impressed a Rus-

sian general in the early Stalin days, would you know what to do with the two airplane engines he assigned to you for experimental purposes?

It is from such challenges that the automotive genius Duntov emerged. He might not have survived at all if he had not also come up with fast answers to a lot of problems that exceed the orderly limits of engineering. Suppose that in the Bolshevik days when there were not enough schools, you had been expelled as an incorrigible. What would you have done? Suppose your mother had entrusted you to register your 5-year-old brother in school, but for a month you failed to do so. In such a case, what would you have done with your brother? If you had ever wanted to avoid preliminary training so you could go your own Villon-like way in Russia, could you have managed it without irritating the secret police?

Although he has never been a con artist or a political chameleon, in his early years Duntov was not against adapting facts to fit the uncertainties of the times. For example, neither his present name, Zora Arkus-Duntov, nor his professed age of 63 is correct. Actually he was born 62 years ago on Christmas Day and named Zora Yackovlevich Arkus by his Russian parents, who were studying in Belgium at the time. His father, Jacques Arkus, was an engineer; his mother, Rachel, a bright medical student who later became a superintendent responsible for thousands of children orphaned by war and revolution. Duntov's first recollections, at the age of four, are of deducing how steam is used in a turbine and reading about war in the papers of Leningrad—then St. Petersburg. His stronger memory is of prolonged hunger and cold and his brilliant mother's recurring comment that he was a dim-witted child. "She said it so often," he recalls, "that I believed it." When he was put out of one school—for being unruly, not stupid—he eased into another without telling his parents. He was habitually tardy, and as a consequence his 5-year-old brother Yura (who in time got a degree in fluid dynamics from the Sorbonne) spent part of his first-grade year in darkness. When he was entrusted with enrolling his brother, Zora Arkus did not get to the school in time for the registration. For more than a month he solved the problem by hiding his brother in a cabinet in his own classroom.

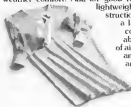
Zora Arkus' boyhood was influenced by America, in the main to his advantage. At Cub Scout age he was toting a Yankee-made Smith & Wesson revolver to keep thugs from stealing his bread ration. The two aircraft engines assigned to him for experimenting when he was 17 were old six-in-line Scott-Halls made in the U.S. Because Russia had adopted the Dalton plan, the revolutionary American system whereby each student advances at his own pace, Zora Arkus finished secondary school too young to get into the Leningrad Electro-Technical Institute. He convinced the institute that he had been born in Belgium under the old Julian calendar and was thus a full year older. Since Belgium used the Gregorian calendar and there are only 13 days difference between the calendars, this explanation makes no sense. Thinking it over now, Duntov merely shrugs. "What difference," he says, "What I told the officials was sufficient to confuse them."

In the early '20s Rachel fell in love with an engineer named Iosif Duntov. There is nothing remarkable about it except that the adult triangle—Rachel and her husband Jacques Arkus and her new love Iosif Duntov—lived amicably together in a large house overlooking the ancient Peter and Paul Fortress. Although her physical love was transferred, Rachel Arkus respected her legal husband and would never have left him. Furthermore, there were the children to consider, and separate lodging was hard to find. The children, Zora and Yura, loved both their real father, Arkus, and their acquired father, Duntov, and today they use the surname Arkus-Duntov, honoring both. As Yura Arkus-Duntov explains it, "Faced with the unconventional situation of having two fathers simultaneously, we took the English way out. We hyphenated."

By the early 1930s both Arkus-Duntov children and their Arkus parents and their other "father," Duntov, had emigrated from Russia, seeking a more pleasant existence. After getting an engineering degree in Berlin, Zora Arkus-Duntov prospered fitfully as a designer and engineer in Germany, Belgium and France. When World War II began, he first considered trying to stay neutral since "Germany would eventually lose and everybody would be friends again." Yura joined the French Foreign Legion and was later transferred to the French

continued

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**ZORA** continued

Air Force. So Zora Duntov joined up as a private in the heavy bombardment group in which Yura was serving as a candidate officer. It has been French policy since Napoleon that brothers do not serve in the same unit. When the brothers Duntov were discovered together, Private Second Class Zora Duntov was reassigned. Several weeks later he turned up again in his brother's unit. "String pulling," he explains.

When the Nazi panzers swept around the hard corner at Sedan, the brothers Duntov were stationed in Bordeaux. In the last desperate days, Italian bombers swept over Bordeaux. "It was one of the picturesque engagements of the war," Yura recalls. "We had only one squadron to send up against them—a Belgian squadron equipped with Italian fighters. When the Italian bombers encountered the Italian fighters, the confusion in the sky was total."

After France surrendered, Zora knew he wanted to get off the continent, but on his discharge he became a stateless person without papers to travel, even in the unoccupied south of France. Nonetheless, he started moving, eventually reaching Marseilles. Trying to get exit, transit and entry visas that would take him from France across Spain to Portugal and on to the U.S. became a futile, chase-tail procedure. By the time he got all the necessary papers, one or another of them would expire. To get the job done, Duntov turned his personal charm on the sister of the Spanish consul in Marseilles. The Spanish consul learned that Duntov, the Russian rake, had been winning and dining his sister and had brought her home so late one night that she had to be booted over the wall of the convent where she lived. "At our next meeting," Duntov relates, "the consul was very cool to me, but I had the necessary visa immediately."

Although Duntov has taken many roads in the past 40 years and built a variety of better mousetraps, the motor car has been his lasting mania. In his Bolshevik childhood his stomach was sometimes bloated for want of bread, but by 1924—the end of the Lenin era—because of their important jobs, his mother and Mr. Duntov both had state-owned cars with drivers at their bidding. It was the chauffeur of a 15-year-old Mercedes assigned to his family who gave Zora Duntov (then Arkus) his test break. In win-

continued



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### ZORA

ter, while the chauffeur beered it up with companions in a bar, he allowed young Arkus to stand by the old Mercedes and fire it up every 20 minutes to keep it from freezing solid.

In his student days in Germany, Zora Duntov bought a motorcycle and later he bought an obsolete 50-horsepower race car that proved to be a real dog. And in the 40 years since, in good racing cars and in worthless dogs, on flats and uphill, in competition and on speed runs on oval tracks and through the chicane of road courses, Duntov has sampled it all—the dust and the glory, the roar of the crowd and the grease of the pits. He has competed in little-known affairs like the Rest-and-Be-Thankful Hill Climb in Scotland, and in classic events like the 24 Hours of Le Mans. Twice at Le Mans he drove thundering Allards and failed to finish, twice he won class honors in little screaming Porsches.

Today at age 63 (factually 62 by the Gregorian calendar) Duntov is still a restless man in a constant state of itch. Searching for important papers, he prowls around his office in the Chevrolet engineering building as if he had been recently captured and caged. He still road-tests the Corvette personally, feeling it out through the seat of his pants.

In perfecting the Corvette he has literally broken his back. Some years ago on the General Motors road course in Milford, Mich., he took a Corvette with grabbing brakes into a turn, lost the road and ended up on the far side of a ditch. The doctor examining the X-rays of his broken back asked him when he had broken it before, but Duntov did not know he had. As a boy he once rode his bicycle down a 45-degree slope, hit the lip of a footpath by mistake and took off. He traveled through the air above the foot bridge he had planned to coast across and crashed 100 feet from takeoff, bending his cycle like a pretzel. In dual gymnastics when his bottom man did not give him enough lift into a back flip, on one occasion he landed on his head. In the late '90s, celebrating a winning lottery ticket with his beautiful wife Fil, he drove a Nerva sports car into the Chamber of Deputies building in Paris. In a boxing match he was once floored so hard he dislocated a shoulder. The car carrying him from the boxing arena to a hospital ran into another

continued

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car, and Duntov regained consciousness for the second time that night lying in a Berlin street. While recuperating from the boating-automobile disaster, he made a gentle pass at the nurse washing his head. She knocked him backward, wounding his pride and, conceivably, injuring his spine. At some time in the mélange and carnage of his past Duntov broke his back, but he is at a loss now to remember when or how. And small wonder.

Because of his elaborate contributions to sports-car development, Duntov has been described as "Mr. Corvette," as "an automotive genius" and as "an innovative genius of the century." The finest tribute, perhaps, is one paid him by an automotive writer, Patrick Bedard. Whereas manufacturers today live by the fallacy that they should give the public what it wants, Bedard pointed out that Duntov never tried to give Corvette buyers what they wanted but what he, the expert, knew they could really use and would enjoy most.

From 1932, when he sold his motorcycle, Duntov never rode another one until three years ago when he bought a little Honda. His idea was to have fun putting around on it in Grosse Pointe, his sedate hometown. But he soon found he was leaning on the curves and getting heavy on the gas. The racing animal in him was stirring. It was a question of getting a bigger machine or fixing it up altogether. He quit motorcycling and took up flying.

When an air show hit Detroit last September, Duntov, the continental sophisticate, was among the 80,000 hicks who turned out to watch latter-day knights of the singing struts carve up the sky with plumes of smoke. When Bob Carter, Michigan's Flying Cowboy, did his stuff, Duntov, the apprentice aviator, was almost transfixed, his intensity reminiscent of the fictional motor-mad Mr. Toad. Unless he contains himself in the air better than he has on land—an improbability—any day Duntov may simply disappear into the wild blue, evincing a series of lazy Cuban eight's.

In any case, he leaves behind the Corvette, an unusual object of love. One is tempted to call the Corvette a unique car, but it is not. In specialty salesrooms there are Ferraris, Maseratis and Lamborghinis that are every bit as good as the Corvette and cost only three times as much.

END

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# GUNDOG MOLLY, FOLLY AND ME

Oh, the grandeur of a day afield: sun sparkling, snow whirling in the passes above, but the air still warm with butterflies fluttering, and the dog running and running—and running **by THOMAS MCGUANE**

I have been bird hunting since I was 10 years old. I was not much good at it when I was 10, and 20 years of experience have not made me any better. Sometimes, when asked about the results of my shooting, I am ashamed. Sometimes so ashamed that I lie about it vividly and recklessly.

I have a 7-year-old pointer. When she was a puppy she was wild, flushing birds far from the gun. She ran deer and often didn't come home at night at all. My dog has six hunting seasons under her belt now and, if anything, she is worse than ever. Her remote barking in

the deep forest is the sound of bird hunting to me.

But this was to be the year when my dog Molly and I would get it all together. We were starting out clean. She doesn't blame me, knowing I have worries. And I, who despise negative reinforcement and the electrical collar, have come to see my dog as a person as rich in neurosis as Oblomov or, in fact, your reporter himself. Like me, though, she seems to please.

I always have a kind of private opening day, simply because my vague orientation as a hunter keeps me from get-

ting the news. My opening day is liable to be weeks into the season. This year was no exception. The first hard frost wiped out what was left of our garden. Last year the horses beat the frost by three weeks, moving brutally among the tomato vines and oak-leaf lettuce plants with their pie-plate-size hooves and yellow piano-key teeth. Anyway, the garden was shot. Jack Frost was in the air and the departure of a long list of summer houseguests and a long line of sour-mash dead soldiers was enough to send this sojourner into the field.

There is an unsuccessful motif that



has long threatened to eclipse my hunting life. I feel it began one late-fall day long ago in a duck blind with my father at the mouth of the Detroit River. We'd had a good morning's pass shooting. (Those were the days when blacks, red-heads and canvasbacks were not the sort of thing one was inclined to send to the taxidermist.) It was very cold, and my father kindly offered to pick up the decoys, with their icy lines, if I would clean up the blind.

While he rowed around in the blow-

ing sleet, I tidied up. We had a Zenith radio to listen to the Loons' game and a chaste little *brusquette* fire upon which to smokelessly prepare various snacks between flights. I put the empty tins and papers in a neat pile next to the radio to take home. I leaned my 20-gauge in the homeward corner of the blind next to our limit of ducks. And, just how I shall never know, I set my father's 12-gauge butt-first in the fire.

Then I went outside and dawdled. Our blind was on a long, old dike of dredg-

ing from the construction of the Livingstone Channel. It spanned the U.S.-Canadian border. The inner-sanctum duck gunners in my hometown took licenses in both countries, owned 100 cedar decoys, a sneak boat and usually a layout boat. The prestige gun was a Winchester Model 12 with a 30-inch full-choke barrel that was as close to ruffery as shot-gunners ever get. There was a mild kind of disparaging rivalry between Canadian and American hunters, and not much more fraternization between the lines than there was in the First World War between the Hun and the doughboy. We knew in our hearts that Canadians slaughtered ducks on the water, shot gulls and guzzled weird diuretic ales in their Ontario public houses.

When my father brought the boat ashore and tilted the Evinrude down against the transom, I helped him pull the bow up against the granite dredging. He climbed out on the rocks and went into the blind. Then he came from the blind and asked me why I had done it. In his hands was his Winchester. Much smoke poured from the wrong end. The buttstock extended about 2½ inches behind the trigger guard.

"I would have thought," said my father without rancor, "that you could have smelled the recoil pad burning. It's rubber."

I don't suppose either of us could have known on that day, there in the driving sleet on the American frontier, that in some way the most resonant chord of my life as a hunter had been struck.

But, frankly, the hell with that. Out here in the northern Rockies the sky is big. Cowboys still gaze coolly upon the dudes from inside their air-conditioned Wagoneers. Out behind the old prefab the sage still turns blue in the spring. Here and there tranquilizer-junkie grizzly bears slump in the jumpers with hypodermic projectiles buried in their fundaments. And I felt it was not unreasonable to think of a fresh start in hunting.

As I say, I had the dog Molly. Born in Michigan of an old line of Arkansas hunting machines—the kind that rear in your ears and run up and down that kennel wire like orangutans.

*continued*



The breeder had brought out two armloads of seven-week-old pointers, wrinkling their eyes in the sunshine and growling. He put them all in the grass where they began to wander around and pounce on each other. I had done my homework in gun-dog books, and had any number of Nash Buckingham-level prejudices of classical fanaticism. My opinions were emphatically not based upon the actual slumberous yard dogs of my own life and experience.

I knew how to spot a bold, promising pup and how not to take puff from wily Snopesian dog handlers. But as I surveyed the tumbling fat puppies on the lawn, I began to notice an isolated nut case: a pup that didn't want to play, that was afraid and that sat by herself blinking slowly—a dog with absolutely no future on the concrete runs of a serious kennel.

The wily Snopesian dog handler could not believe his luck when I forked over hard cash for that one. My brother was with me, and my action inspired him to cough up for a weirdo himself. We headed for home with the speckled babies in the front of the car, crawling around the gearshift and crying for their mother. We were moved.



In no time flat I had my dog dancing to a bird's wing on a fishing rod. I also had a piece of clothesline, an Acme Thunderer dog whistle and a blank pistol, props for an outlandish charade that was to last many many years.

In the meantime another friend, Jim, had also acquired a pointer, a crazed muscle-bound hyena who once swam over the horizon in Lake Michigan while our wives wept on the beach. We would hunt our dogs in tandem that first fall on Mosier Partridge, the Einstein of the northern forest.

I drove up to Jim's and brought Molly into the house. Molly and Jim's dog Moxey did their best to recapture the magic of the tiger scene in *Little Blue Samba* where everything turns to butter. They did leg springs off the backs of chairs so that the chairs would still be doing figure eights in midair long after the dogs had left the room. They would lie side by side on their backs under the sofa and pull out all the stuffing. They would try to shatter glass with their voices when a car pulled into the driveway, muttering all the while on a couch, a pillow, a doily or anything precious that they could evaluate. Jim explained that this was how it was with hunting dogs. Jim's wife had a reply that I sincerely believe will be someday possible to print.

Zero hour. We roll through the cedar glooms of the northern fastness. The two dogs are looking out of the window. I have come to think of them as essentialists. Jim and I feel instinctively that the forest is stiff with birds of the grouse persuasion. We're hacking along in my Land Rover, whose odometer is giving 100,000 miles a long hard look.

We pull off the road into a grove of trees and get out of the Rover. Then we run all those numbers around the car that hunters like to get into: racking open the guns, ammo belts and canvas coats, last hits on the coffee Thermos and light wai-zone chatter that is pointedly not about hunting.

The dogs are still inside the car, pouring around behind the glass, jumping from front to back, back to front, scrambling for traction on the upholstery. You know how it goes.

A moment of silence, and Jim says, "Uh, shall we let the dogs out?"

"Sure," I say, almost gaily. I open

the front door a little and am suddenly slammed back as the two evil hounds vault for the forest like voltage jumping a gap.

Of all instruments, the Acme Thunderer seems the least appropriate for playing dirges, but over and again Jim tried, I tried. A bluish pallor fell across our faces. From the distance the yapping of the fun couple rang in the swamps.

Later Jim and I decided to go hunting. We walked miles in a forest less than entirely stiff with game birds. Ultimately, a partridge sprang into the air. Jim and I fired simultaneously. The bird fell. We ran from converging courses to the bird and came darkly close to forming an encounter group over its expired person. An autopsy with an examination of shot was considered. We would carefully shred the corpse with a carrot grater, placing each bit of shot on a sheet of white paper to be measured in the micrometer. But this was ruled out because we were both shooting 7½s.

The pitch of the dogs' barking suddenly changed. They apparently had treed a coon.

Later in the day our dogs came back to relax and warm up in the car. We sealed them inside the Land Rover, then wedged our way through the doors to be sure neither of them tried anything cheap like another 40 mph swamp crossing. But the dogs were content to save themselves in the back, studying migrating songbirds high in the sky through the window and listening to the radio.

We crossed the county. A grouse had been seen in a cherry orchard that week, and we were headed for that cherry orchard. A short time later we were slithering up a wet clay road that ended in an open field. Jim instructed me to head across, toward the woods and orchard at the other side.

I shifted the Land Rover into low and started out onto the level field. A minute later this machine, which had proven itself all over the world in desert and in swamp—lurched to a stop within whispering distance of 1,000 white cottages. We got out and rather formally looked under the car. The differential was resting neatly in the crotch of a cherry tree stump. I got back in

continued



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and put it in four-wheel drive, compound low, and goosed hell out of it. Nothing. This went on for about an hour. Finally I got out of the car and the dogs shot between my legs and went shrieking into the sunset. We saw a grouse depart the orchard as they barreled through.

Sometime later we called a wrecker. How strange it all seems now, the big white wrecker in a level open field, hauling that safari vehicle off a cherry stump while the dogs prospected for county lines at incalculable hind speeds. And how strange, finally, to be standing out there in the absolute middle of no where, presenting one's AAA card to a service station attendant.

But why go over that? It's morbid to think that the past lays its dead hand on all our days. It's been 20 years since I turned my father's shotgun and more than five since the wrecker came. I've been in Montana for some seasons now. It's a different time, a different place. I have a private opening day to look forward to.

Molly is ready, too. She comes into my room and stares at my hunting boots for long periods of time. She howls when my 5-year-old son mistakenly shuts her in the bathroom. But, except that it is bird season, what was she doing in the bathroom anyway? And she does irresponsible things that indicate that her mind is not on the routine domesticities of out-of-season dog life. For example, yesterday she ate a two-volume edition of *Anna Karenina*.

This will be our day together.

My son's playmates are here, and, as I have trained them, they are throwing things for the dog to make her run around so that on hunting days like this one she will be tired before we ever start and not so inclined to clear out on a strafing mission.

I put dog and gear into the same old Land Rover, now as thoroughly pocked as a Spalding Dot, and head north of our ranch to an area of fertile, dry-land farming I know to be full of fat grain-fed pheasants.

The drive takes nearly an hour, and from time to time I study my dog's eyes for indications of lunacy and the grossly unpredictable. She looks as sound as a silver dollar. Even I feel a trifle sear-

soned. I wonder if she has noticed that or if, in fact, she's found any little reason for admiring me.

I leave the Rover by a grove of thornbushes. The open country lies in fast-intersecting declivities that fall from the foothills of the Crazy Mountains. I am on a plateau and can see the Absaroka Range to the south, already snowy. It's slightly stormy, and plumes of snow are whirling out of the higher passes. But down here the sun plays all around us.

As I get ready Molly stays close to me, prancing like a cheerleader. A small cloud of butterflies dances across the tractor ruts and Molly makes after them like a rocking horse but returns to my side when I whistle.

All right, ready to go. "Find some birds," I tell her. She gives me one last look, as though from the cockpit of a fighter plane, and pours it on. I don't believe this. My heart begins to sink as she ticks off the first 880 and I realize nothing has changed.

I walk gloomily along a shelterbelt of Lombardy poplars with only the vaguest reference to the shrinking liver-and-white form in the distance. At the far edge of the field I see her stop, look up on point, then selfishly pounce into the middle of the birds. Gloom, Gloom. Pheasants scatter. But wait—my God! They're flying this way.

Like the lowest kind of dry-gulch artist, I crouch in the hedgerow. The pheasants keep coming, Molly yelping along behind. At 50 yards I rise to the balls of my feet. At 20 I stand up out of the brambles and . . . shoot a double! Two cock pheasants tumble. I scramble around to gather them up before my dog can rend and eat them.

I hang the handsome birds from my belt. Their rich, satisfying odor keeps man's best friend trotting along at my side. Now and again I hear her teeth click lightly. There is a spring I know near the thorn grove where I gather some wild, peppery watercress for our game dinner.

At last that perfect symbiosis between a man and his dog! I finally feel that Molly is as good a hunter as I.

We approach the Land Rover. The cloud of butterflies blows across the tractor ruts again, and I check myself from pursuit.

END

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## PEOPLE

**Vince Lombardi** was elected to the Minnesota House of Representatives in the recent election. The former College of St. Thomas fullback, age 30, son of the late Green Bay Packer and Washington Redskins coach, will represent the Lino Lakes suburban area. Lombardi ran as a conservative, promising to protect Minnesota taxpayers from further increases, and supported regional government as opposed to the purely municipal variety. Defense and teamwork, you might say.

**Chris Gartner**, Indiana's soccer-style kicker, is Swedish and his father is a bishop at the University of Göteborg. Fortunately, his father not only was in the stands when Chris kicked four field goals against Wisconsin to set a Big Ten record but also overheard one fan exclaim "That Gartner! He's some son of a bishop."

Before the Muhammad Ali-Bob Foster fight, a young waitress put a slip of paper in front of an-

nouncer **Howard Cosell** and said, "There's an elderly waitress here who wants your autograph but says she's too old for such things." Obliquely with his signature, Cosell purred "Tell your friend that at my present station in life, there is no lady alive who is too old for Howard Cosell."

**Carmen Berra**, Yogi's wife, was suffering fall complaints and not liking it. Immediately after the baseball season her husband rushed to Vermont to watch their son Tammy play for the University of Massachusetts. (Tammy caught a 57-yard touchdown pass.) He spent other weeks at home—well, sort of—watching his son Dale, a defensive back for the Monclair (N.J.) High School team. So when Carmen summoned Yogi on a recent Monday night and got only a grumpy "I'm watching a football game" for a rep, Carmen had had it. "You've been spending your whole life watching football," she snapped. Could it be that Carmen just hasn't been paying attention?

♦ "I was talking when I should have been listening," national poker champion **Amarillo Slim** said in Idaho of his \$31,000 bet that he could raft down the icy wilderness waters of the Middle Fork of the Salmon River in late November. The bet seemed like a fine idea at the time he made it, but more prosaically contemplation of 35 miles of freezing water and rocks exposed by the low late fall river suggested some reconsideration. Nonetheless Slim, also known as T.A. Preston Jr., not only went through with the trip but headed to Las Vegas to collect his winnings, along with his wet wets.

Senator **William Proxmire** of Wisconsin, an environmentalist and physical-fitness buff, started last week on a 1,200-mile walk-



ing and running tour of his home state. And Proxmire is not even running again—uh, standing for reelection—until 1976. He says he just wants to meet the people. He will start off with a 250-mile jaunt in the first nine days, running some and walking the rest of the time, hopefully on soft grass. Towns on the Senator's itinerary include South Milwaukee, Racine, Lead Mine, Hazel Green, Fair Play and, of course, Footville.

At Sewanee Academy of the University of the South, it seems that when you have one job you have 'em all. The **Rev. Martin Luther Agnew** has just submitted his resignation to the academy, which means the posts of chaplain, head of the department of religion, athletic director and assistant football coach are now vacant. What an opportunity to build character!

To say that **Buddy Lutz**, a funeral director, likes golf is much like saying that Jack Nicklaus plays the game a little. When Lutz' middle son Chip, age 17, won this year's Philadelphia Boys Amateur Golf Champions-

hip, no one paid a lot of attention—until someone noticed that Lutz' other golfing sons are named Wedge and Putter.

♦ **Ren Grable** is a fortunate fellow with a number of assets. He is handsome, a bachelor and a graduate mechanical engineer. Beyond that, he grew up in Riverside, Calif., where he hopped up street rods with Don Garney and eventually became a pretty good racing driver himself. Now he has an even bigger asset—Kuwaiti sheik Khalid Al-Nadai. Known in racing circles as Ali Baba, Al-Nadai decided to sponsor Grable at the Riverside Can-Am in late October. The car, unfortunately, was no Sopwith Camel. It was a Lola T-161 and Grable spun out on the 17th lap.

**Joe Cascarella**, five years a major league pitcher with five different teams, is now vice-president of Maryland's Laurel Race Course and finds the grass greener at his new pasture. "Baseball is ridiculous," he says. "In Australia they have huge flocks of sheep. They shear the sheep, the wool is made into yarn and the yarn into cloth. The cloth is woven into shirts, and on the front somebody sews letters that read 'Roston' or something. Forty thousand people sit in the stands watching the athletes who wear those shirts and screaming as if they began them. The next year there are different athletes wearing those shirts, and the people scream as if they began them. 'My athletes,' they yell. It's simpler dealing with horses."

Xavier (Ohio) University's poor struggling football team has it easy compared to the sportswriters covering it. The team features a **Barley** and a **Barley**, a **Kneelin** and a **Kneepie**, a **Pfeffle** and a **Pfeffer**, a **John White** and a **John Wright** not to mention **Frank Wright**, and, finally, a **Jim Judge** and an **Ed Judge**.



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RODGERS GOES DOWN AS HIS CONSTANT SHADOW, KEN POPE (26), LINGERS NEARBY

*Neither  
Rodgers nor  
Pruitt  
was able to  
do it*

Oklahoma beat Nebraska on Thanksgiving in the rematch of the Game of the Century, but the competition for Heisman votes between the Cornhuskers' Johnny Rodgers and the Sooners' Greg Pruitt was a flop

Here now is an easy game called name the Heisman Trophy candidates. Clue one: This fellow, call him Greg the Limp, played Thanksgiving Day and ran twice for seven yards. No, he did not catch a pass, return a punt or throw a block. For a bonus clue: His team gained only 141 yards on the ground and lost four fumbles. Nothing sounds familiar? Try this one. Call him Johnny the Ignored. In the same game he ran four times for five yards, caught three passes for 41 yards and ran back one punt for, ah, seven yards. And his team lost three fumbles, had three passes intercepted and gained 77 yards rushing. Last clue: Greg's team came from behind to win 17-14 and the stars were Ken Pope and Tinker Owens. Tinker. T-o-n-k-e-r. as in Tinker Bell. What do you mean, sober up?

The way things have gone for Oklahoma and Nebraska this season, lack of success on Thanksgiving by Greg Pruitt and Johnny Rodgers should hardly have been surprising. Before the season began, it was said that this game would be for the national championship. But Nebraska came up three points short in its opener against UCLA and was lucky to escape with a tie against Iowa State. Oklahoma was dumped by Col-

orado and had to struggle to beat Missouri. Two weeks ago Pruitt, the speedy little Sooner senior, came out of the Kansas game with a badly twisted left ankle, and suddenly his chances for the Heisman Trophy depended not so much on how well he did against Nebraska but on how well Oklahoma did against Johnny Rodgers. "I'm going to try, but it doesn't look too good," Pruitt told his roommate Ken Pope, the 205-pound junior cornerback who would be assigned to cover Rodgers, Pope laughed. "Don't worry, man. If you want the Heisman Trophy, I'll get it for you. I'll play that guy so tough he'll think I'm the number on his back."

"You better," said Pruitt, "because if you don't you won't have any place to sleep. Anyway, I've told you all along that if you room with a superstar, some of it is bound to rub off. Now you can prove it."

Pruitt said he wanted to start, and Oklahoma let him, but it was obvious from the beginning that the Big Eight Conference's second leading scorer (behind Rodgers) would not last long. "I was hurting something awful," Pruitt said. "I knew I could play the whole game if I was lucky and if I could avoid any contact, but I just couldn't figure

how to do that." He carried the ball but twice, and in the second quarter he left the game for good. "Relax," Pope told him after he limped to the sideline. "I own Rodgers, and he knows it because I keep telling him."

"I hope so," said Pruitt, "because it's up to you now." Pope discovered that he had to work less than he expected. Oddly, Nebraska almost ignored its 172-pound senior ace as it hult a 14-0 lead midway through the third quarter. Both scores came after Oklahoma fumbled punts. In the first quarter Rodgers carried twice on reverses for minus one yard, and of two passes thrown to him by sophomore Quarterback Dave Humm, one was incomplete and the other, although complete, fell a yard short of a first down. The second quarter was only slightly more productive. Rodgers caught one pass for 20 yards, but with a 7-0 lead at halftime and Oklahoma playing like it had never seen a football before, it appeared that Nebraska really did not need him.

At halftime Chuck Fairbanks, the soft-spoken Oklahoma coach, tried to rally his troops in the dressing room. "We've made some mistakes, but so have they," he said. "All you can do is forget the first half and go out there and play like

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the score is tied." Then he asked if anyone had anything to say.

"Yes, sir," said Tinker Owens, a 17-year-old split end and the younger brother of Steve Owens, Oklahoma's 1969 Heisman Trophy winner. Tinker had gone into the game when junior John Carroll was injured in the second quarter. "My man has been going for every fake and I've beaten him on every play."

"We'll see," said Fairbanks. But Oklahoma opened the second half the way it had played the first, trying to establish the running attack that was tops in the nation. It didn't work. The Sooners fumbled away a second punt, and Nebraska went in to make it 14-0.

"Put the ball in the air," Fairbanks told Quarterback Dave Robertson. "And don't forget Owens."

After Nebraska kicked off, Oklahoma started from its 24, and right away Robertson went to Owens. The first pass was broken up, but the second came down into the young freshman's hands, and it picked up 38 yards. Then Robertson went to his tight end, Al Chandler, for 16 and came back to Owens for 13 more. "Oh," said Nebraska, and shifted Moester Man Dave Mason over to help cover Owens. No matter. At the seven the Sooners went back to their ground game and on the fourth run, freshman Joe Washington cruised around right end for a yard and a touchdown to make it 14-7.

Early in the fourth quarter the Robertson-Owens combination put Oklahoma in gear again. Upstairs in the press box Barry Switzer, Fairbanks' top assistant who calls all the Sooner plays from his lofty perch, phoned down to tell Owens to split out an extra 10 to 15 yards. The move nullified Mason, who could not afford to follow Owens that far from the action. Zip. Owens pulled in a 22-yard pass at the Nebraska 10. Two plays later he was tripped as he went for a pass in the end zone, interference was called and Oklahoma had a first down at the one. Grant Burget, Pruitt's sub, earned in from there to tie the score.

A few minutes later Oklahoma's Lucious Selmon recovered a Nebraska fumble at the Husker 27. Rick Fulcher made the most of the opportunity with a game-winning 41-yard field goal.

And Rodgers? Well, he ran twice more in the second half and he caught one more pass, and that was all. Of Okla-

homa's nine punts, he tried to turn on his dazzling magic but once, and Oklahoma turned that off after only seven yards. But still, he had his moment, even if it didn't count. With the score 7-0 and the ball at the Oklahoma 43, Rodgers went streaking down the sideline, took a Humm pass at the 12 and slipped past a defender for an apparent score.

Not so, ruled Referee Vance Carlson. He pointed at a spot near the 39-yard line and said that was where Rodgers had stepped out on his way down the field to catch the pass.

"I stepped out," said Rodgers, "but that guy [and he pointed a finger at the grinning Pope] pushed me. I thought if I was pushed out, I could come back in."

"When you're out," said Carlson, "you're out."

"Too bad, Johnny," said Pope, still grinning. "That was a very nice catch."

Later Pope admitted he had worked on Rodgers almost as much verbally as he had physically. "But nothing means," he said. "Just things like, 'Nice block, Johnny' or 'Aw, Johnny, I thought you could block better than that.' But I don't know if it worked. He would just grin when I'd say something and go away. But I'll tell what did work. We really stuck it to him out there every chance we got. Stick and stick. Don Rusty really stuck it to him once. He went up, and when he came down I thought he had broken his back [Rodgers in fact did play the entire second half with two cracked ribs.] After a while he began hearing footsteps. He dropped one pass that was right into his hands, and I was still five yards away from him. I wonder if Greg will let me hold the Heisman Trophy sometimes?"

Rodgers was not even mildly upset by Pope's observations. "I don't hear footsteps," he said quietly. "The only thing wrong today was that Humm wasn't getting the ball to me on time. I don't think I was given the chance to do anything, so I don't see how that No. 28 could think he did so well against me."

"What about the Heisman now?" he was asked. Rodgers' eyes went blank behind his shades. "I know darn well they aren't going to give it to anybody because he is a better football player than I am. They may not give me the trophy, but Johnny Rodgers will always know he won it."

## THE WEEK

by LARRY KEITH

### MIDWEST

1. OKLAHOMA (9-1)
2. OHIO STATE (9-1)
3. MICHIGAN (10-1)

That other Big Eight team from Oklahoma, the Oklahoma State Cowboys, also turned in an upset last week with a 45-14 defeat of slumping Iowa State. It was the third victory over a bowl-bound conference opponent for the 6-4 Cowboys, who previously had beaten Colorado and Missouri, yet left them one of only three league teams who did not receive a postseason invitation. "We played this for the Liberty Bowl people who invited Iowa State," said Center Bert Jacobson. "We wanted to prove they picked the wrong team." The Cowboys, who could make their fabled point even stronger by defeating Oklahoma this week, equaled the previous Saturday's 45-14 rout of Kansas State. Cyclone errors set up five Oklahoma State touchdowns, long four passes of 64 and 58 yards in only three attempts also figured. Sophomore George Palmer, who gained 155 yards in 31 carries, scored twice.

The sharpshooting of David Jaynes brought Missouri back to earth as Kansas pulled a 24-17 shocker. The Tigers had won five of their last six with three of the wins coming over Notre Dame, Colorado and Iowa State, but against the Jayhawks they fumbled three times and suffered four interceptions. Jaynes, meanwhile, was completing 16 of 36 passes for 259 yards and two touchdowns.

The end came easy for Duffy Daugherty, who leaves Michigan State after 19 years, 101 victories, 69 losses and five ties. His last win—and the school's 400th—was 24-14 against Northwestern. "I really haven't had time to reflect on this," said Daugherty. "I suppose the nostalgic feeling hasn't had time to set in, but I'm not sad. I only have a feeling of gratitude toward the team."

The Spartans, who lost only one of their last six games to finish 5-5-1 overall, scored three times in the first quarter, two of the TDs coming on passes 51 seconds apart. Mark Niesen, who started the day as a 10 for 51 thrower, was five for eight for 167 yards and added a third touchdown with a seven-yard run.

Dys Armstrong concluded a fabulous career with his best performance, 276 yards

*continued*

in 32 carries as Purdue bombed Indiana 42-7. With a flair for the dramatic, he scored 53 yards for his third touchdown on his final carry. He takes with him the Big Ten career rushing record of 3,315 yards, which surpasses Alan Ameche's mark set in four seasons and places him sixth on the all-time NCAA roll. The list of honors could go on, but even more revealing are Armstrong's thoughts on his Heisman Trophy candidacy. "Aw, I'm nowhere near the best in the country. Not the best by far. I'm happy to settle for the Big Ten honors." Purdue finished at 6-5, the first winning season in Armstrong's three years.

Other Big Ten games saw Minnesota trim Wisconsin 14-6 and Iowa state Illinois 15-14. Bob Morgan led the Gophers' third straight win by scoring both touchdowns on runs of 12 and one yards and gaining 143 yards in 26 carries. Wisconsin lost four fumbles in Minnesota territory. A 67-yard drive that led to a scoring plunge by Frank Holmes and a two-point conversion by freshman Butch Caldwell with a 10 left placed Iowa. The other Hawkeye score came on a 92-yard sprint by freshman Royce Mix in the second quarter.

Louisville finished in a tie for Missouri Valley honors by stopping Drake 27-0. It was the second straight shutout for the Cardinal defense, each one coming against a team that had not been blanked in more than 60 games. Cardinal Coach Lee Corso took a look at his team's 9-1 record, and let loose some long held frustration. "If those bleeps don't vote us in the blooping Top 20, then there's something wrong. We weren't considered by a single bowl, and we can play with anybody on a given Saturday." Given Saturday Nov. 4 the Cardinals were unable to defeat Tulsa, but "that was a freak," says Corso. Howard Stevens, who had already become college football's all-time leading ground gainer, made two touchdowns to top the scoring list as well.

## SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (10-0)
2. AUBURN (8-1)
3. LSU (8-1-1)

Louisiana State had more chances to make good than a reincarnationist against Florida, but the Tigers never took full advantage, and had to make do with a 3-3 tie. Rusty Jackson missed three field-goal attempts and teammate Juan Roca four of five, each failing in the final half-minute. Florida's three-pointer was put through by freshman John Williams from the 24 with 2:08 remaining. Tennessee found Kentucky tougher than expected, but won 17-7, and

Mississippi routed Mississippi State 51-14. Tampa completed a 9-2 regular season, its first as a major independent, by bombing Vanderbilt 30-7. Ed Carney passed for three touchdowns, two of them to Chuck Foreman, in Miami's 28-8 win over Maryland.

North Carolina had its biggest scoring day of the year in a 42-19 victory over East Carolina. Ike Oglesby scored three times and rushed for 119 yards while Nick Vlodavac completed eight of 12 passes for 169 yards and tallied once himself. Carlester Crumpler gained 135 yards for the Pirates and made two TDs to set the Southern Conference scoring (102 points) and rushing (1,309 yards) records. Clemson edged South Carolina 7-6 when Jimmy Williamson knocked down a two-point conversion pass. Virginia Tech's Don Strock passed for 385 yards and two touchdowns as the Gobblers gobbled up Wake Forest 44-9.

## EAST

1. PENN STATE (10-1)
2. DELAWARE (10-0)
3. WEST VIRGINIA (8-3)

Philadelphians are not accustomed to winners (page 78), especially if they wear helmets and pads. But more than 42,000 fans wandered into 77-year-old Franklin Field Saturday to see if Pennsylvania could bag its first Ivy League title in 13 seasons. For 20 minutes, as the Quakers took a 14-0 lead over Dartmouth, it seemed likely. Then the Big Green came alive and posted a 31-17 victory that gave them the championship, their fourth straight win or shared.

Dartmouth broke a 17-17 tie with a pair of fourth-quarter touchdowns 1:36 apart. The first was made possible when Receiver Chuck Thomas intercepted an interception, or so it seemed. Quarterback Steve Stetson let one go from his 30, and it was headed for Penn's Tom Welsh, but as the defensive back stood awaiting the interception Thomas swooped in from nowhere for a 35-yard completion. Six plays later Steve Webster went in from the one to put Dartmouth ahead. The Quakers were still in it until Quarterback Tom Pinto ran into one of his own backs and fumbled a minute later. Dartmouth recovered, and on the next play, Rich Klepachuk ran 50 yards to tie the game.

Dartmouth's victory shut the door on Yale, which finished second in the Ivy. The Elis ended their season with a 28-17 win over Harvard after trailing 17-0. Dick Jauron's 74-yard run in the third period sparked the comeback. It was one of two touchdowns in a performance that also produced 183 yards gained on 28 carries. Jauron set

two school records with 1,055 yards for the year and 2,947 for his career, both totals erasing standards set by Cahin Hill. Cornell continued its roller coaster pattern of the last seven weeks by beating Princeton 22-15. Junior Quarterback Mark Allen scored twice and passed for another TD. Columbia ended Len Jardine's coaching career at Brown with a 28-12 defeat. The Lions mounted long drives for two of their touchdowns and capitalized on a fumble and an interception for the others as they scored in every quarter. George Georges scored three times and gained 190 yards in 35 attempts.

Pittsburgh overwhelmed the Penn State scrubs 27-14, but in 36 minutes of play against the regulars prior to that the Panthers were bombed 35-0. It added up to a 49-27 defeat, the 10th of the year for Pitt. Coach Carl DePaqui was subsequently fired following the worst season in Panther history. Penn State was actually held scoreless in the first quarter, but three TDs within five minutes of the second period erased any doubt. The first score came on one of John Hirlingag's three touchdown passes, the second on an 11-yard run following a fumble recovery and the third on another pass.

Paul Metello ran for two touchdowns and gained 146 yards to lead Massachussets past Boston College 28-7. Pat Pennington passed for a pair of scores as the Yankee Conference champions tallied all their points and gained 331 yards in the first half. Holy Cross defeated Connecticut 20-10. The Crusaders' fifth victory against three losses and it assured them of their best season since 1966. They won it by scoring three times in the fourth quarter after trailing 10-0. Rutgers rolled over Colgate 43-13 for its fifth straight victory as Jim Jennings gained 214 yards.

## WEST

1. USC (10-0)
2. UCLA (8-3)
3. ARIZONA STATE (9-2)

Arizona State found the going tougher than usual this year, but the Sun Devils still managed to capture their fourth straight Western Athletic Conference championship by crunching Arizona 38-21. They gouged out 555 offensive yards, 363 of them on the ground, where Brent McClanahan did the heavy duty with 153 yards and two touchdowns. Arizona could gain only 35 yards in 52 rushes, but Bill Demory passed for three scores. The victory gave Arizona State a Fiesta Bowl spot opposite Missouri.

Pete Van Valkenburg put on a sensational show as Brigham Young rapped New Mex-

*continued*

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## COLLEGE FOOTBALL

ken 21-7. He rushed for 190 yards and one touchdown and scored another with a 91-yard kickoff return. This overshadowed the performance of Fred Henry, whose 88 yards made him the WAC's all-time rusher with 2,915.

Tony Adams' outstanding career at Utah State had left little room for Mickey Doyle except as a kicking specialist. Then against Weber State, Adams, who had not missed a game in three years, went out with an injury and when his replacement couldn't move the team, it was Doyle's turn to shine. Doyle did. He rushed for one touchdown, passed for another and kicked two field goals and two extra points as Utah State won 20-16 in the closing minutes. Utah had its biggest scoring day in 42 years when it blasted Colorado State 62-36. Quarterback Steve Marshall ran for three touchdowns and passed for four more, the first strike coming from 75 yards out on the second play of the game.

San Diego State tried to pull out of the Pacific Coast Athletic Association last spring, and maybe the league should have let the Aztecs go. They completed an unbeaten conference season and upped their overall record to 9-1 with a 33-14 victory over Long Beach State. Alternating Quarterbacks Bill Donckers and Jesse Freitas combined to score two TDs, pass for a third and complete 22 of 37 passes. "They're so even it's impossible to pick between them," says Coach Don Conroy. Although he didn't score, Isaac Curtis was an excellent game with 11 catches for 166 yards.

of them by Dickey Morton, who gained 135 yards.

Texas dribbled Texas A&M 38-3 on Thanksgiving night. Passing played an important role for the Longhorns, who trailed 3-0 before their first score midway through the second quarter. Alon Lowry set up the TD—which he scored himself—with a 79-yard completion, and produced a second on a four-yard toss to Julius Whittier. "I thought I was going to go all year without throwing a touchdown pass," said Lowry, a defensive back his sophomore and junior seasons. Wide Receiver Jimmy Moore caught three passes for 87 yards and returned a punt 61 yards for a touchdown.

Rice soared to 5-4-1 by outscoring Texas Christian 15-0 in the final period for a 25-21 victory. The Owls' third straight win came on a nine-yard pass from Bruce Gadd to Ron Agnew with 2:36 remaining. A victory over Baylor this week would give the Owls a second-place tie and their best record in nine years.

Another team with runner-up chances is

## PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**THE BACK:** Steve Marshall, a defensive back until recently, accounted for seven touchdowns as Utah swamped Colorado State. He scored on runs of 27, 14 and three yards and his four passes covered 75, six, 13 and 77 yards.

**THE LINEMAN:** Tinker Owens came in after late Carroll's second-quarter injury to catch five passes for 100 yards and spark Oklahoma's upset over Nebraska. The freshman is the brother of former Heisman Steve Owens.

## SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (9-1)
2. TEXAS TECH (8-3)
3. HOUSTON (6-4-1)

Sweet September. The Razorback Hogs of Sney Pegg, Ark. had themselves one fine football team, a Heisman Trophy kind of a quarterback and a litter of fans who could not wait to buy Cotton Bowl tickets. Then the season opened. First came a loss to Southern California, followed by uncomfortable one-point wins over Oklahoma State and Tulsa. Refuge was sought in the Southwest Conference—the Porkers lost four straight. To set matters right, Coach Frank Broyles scrapped the passing attack and the passer, Joe Ferguson. A loss to Texas Tech would have left Arkansas in last place for the first time in 20 years. But the Hogs didn't lose. Directed by sophomore Scott Bull they saved what little self-respect remained by winning 24-14. Bull, who had already seen duty at fullback, tight end and safety, directed the attack to 17 fourth-quarter points. Arkansas passed only four times and rushed 30, 33

Southern Methodist, which used some unconventional plays in a 12-7 victory over Baylor. The first Mustang touchdown was scored by Keith Beho after Alvin Maxson had been stopped for an apparent loss. But before going down, Maxson shuffled the ball to Beho, who dropped it, grabbed it on one bounce and crinkled left end for a one-yard score. The second touchdown came after a pass by freshman Ed Kenny. Harrison to Oscar Roan moved the ball 29 yards to the Baylor 33. Wayne Morris scored from the four. The outcome was not secured until the Mustang defense snuffed a drive at its own 14 late in the game. "It feels good to win," said Coach Hardin Fry. "We're tired of looking good and losing."

Houston won its fourth straight by blasting Cincinnati 49-0. It was the seventh straight loss for the Bearcats, whose coach, Ray Callahan, is quitting. The Houston defense returned two interceptions for touchdowns and Puddin' Jones led the Cougar offense with 145 yards and one touchdown on 28 carries.

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## Cool new pants for hot boots

Stretch pants are back this season, and all eyes are on the ankle. Right, the ankle, because the question this year is, are in-the-boot pants in and over-the-boot pants out, or the other way around, and why?

Stretch pants were pretty much out of style as long ago as the 1968 Olympics at Grenoble, or shortly after designers got their first look at the quilted warmup pants racers were wearing, and quickly turned them into a new ski fashion available to everyone. Today the warmups are standard gear for most skiers, who pushed their stretch pants to the backs of their closets, literally breathing easier, they had gotten so tight.

But while the skiing public was warming up, racers and ski bums clung to their stretch pants or blue jeans. Racers will be the first to tell you that fashion has to be functional, and the in look can always be traced to them. What they choose and adopt will set the style for the following season. When the French ski team wore racing stripes in 1960 at the Squaw Valley Olympics, everyone got into racing stripes. Shortly after Billy Kidd broke out his Captain America helmet, everyone was wearing stars and stripes. And recently a skier, who got a look at the yellow Superboots on the opposite page, was heard to say, "Well, now I'll have to get yellow boots." (If he can't afford jet boots, he can paint his old ones and do what the little kids have been doing—fastening plastic sewer pipe to the boots.)

All of which brings us back to the question of pants inside or over the boots. The answer is that outside pants are in. Spider Sabich, winner on the tough ISRA (International Ski Racers Association) tour last winter, wears his

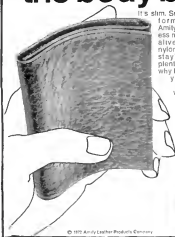
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**AIRBORNE** as he comes out of the starting gate, pro racer Spider Sabich wears Rolfe's new red and black Mach II racing pants. The red stretch inset at the ankle molds itself over the top of the boot and opens with a back zipper. His favorite racing sweater, by Dentsite, is a copy of his high school football jersey. At center are Rolfe's new stretch pants, with a front zipper and custom-fitted slot closing for a boot buckle, worn with Nordica's Superboot from Bozoma. Pro Terry Overland cools it in his Old racing suit, an original designed by fellow racer Rod Hebron and made up for him by The Jacobs Corporation. Top right: Rolfe's stretch Mach II racing pants, navy with yellow and red horizontal stripes at the ankle. Center: Rolfe's in-the-boot pants with color-matched stretch inserts, worn with Head's new competition boot. Bottom right: Rolfe's new body seam in-the-boot pants for women, worn here with new high Superboots by Nordica.



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pants outside and explains the draw-backs of the old inside-the-boots pants this way: "Tight foam boots have no give to them, and any seam or wrinkle will cut into your skin. I used to have to cut the inside strap or heel out of my pants to eliminate seams or ridges, and then I'd wrap a thong around my ankle to hold them down. With these boots we wear only a light sock so we can feel the snow."

As usual, ski wear designers took note and realized that they had to figure out how to stretch a pant over the boot—and secure it there, to keep the snow from getting underneath. The solution in many cases has been an on-going opening at the ankle called a hold-down slit. It is made to accommodate a boot buckle which will in turn hold the pant securely over the boot. Head's new hold-down slit is a metal-reinforced aperture that can be custom-fitted over any boot buckle. Roffe, which outfitted this year's U.S. Olympic ski team, has a lightweight multidirectional mesh stretch sock inside the pant. It reaches to the top of the boot and a horizontal stretch-fabric stripe around the ankle of the pant hugs the boot. Ernst Engel, who designed the first over-the-boot flare ski pants in 1964, this season has applied for worldwide patent rights to a new Ernst Engel Connection. It consists of a metal hook fastened to the bottom on each side of the trouser leg, to be hooked onto a corresponding metal bar attached to the soles of ski boots.

Inside-the-hood pants are still being made and bought, though. How come, and who is wearing them? Winn Jones, Ruffie's young designer who probably outfits more racers and hot-dog skiers than anyone in the U.S., says that it is primarily the kids, the ones who are going to be great skiers but currently get their looks showboating, who are the ones asking for the inside-the-hood pants. As she points out, "If a young skier goes out and spends anywhere from \$150 to \$250 for a pair of the new high leg boots, do you think he wants to hide them under his pants?"

There are more than 25 styles of ski boots on the market this year, which should draw enough skiershoopers to keep made-the-boot pants manufacturers going. For a change, though, the fashionable thing will be to feel no pain with over-the-boot pants. **END**



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## The phenoms that bloom in the fall

As the World Series waned and other pro seasons waxed, baseball's Instructional Leagues in Florida and Arizona were sharpening the skills of a bumper crop of young stars. You'll see the best before long

A play ended in the Florida Instructional League just the other day there were candy canes and plastic holly trees along Central Avenue in downtown St. Petersburg and Christmas carols could be heard on the warm afternoon air. To most sports fans, the concept that men were still playing professional baseball almost a month after the World Series may be reminiscent of Dick Clark's *American Bandstand* television shows of the late 1950s on which knots of teenagers seemed to be constantly dancing because nobody ever bothered to tell them to stop. But the fall of 1972 was different. Never have

Instructional League players looked so good or seemed so large—and over 500 of them were at work. They were assigned to either the Florida or the Arizona League to hasten their advancement to the majors, to make up for time lost either to serious injuries or service duty or to just plain learn the fundamentals of baseball.

In the last few seasons the Instructional Leagues have been sending players into the majors in large, talented clumps. Among the graduates are Ralph Garr, Bert Blyleven, Reggie Jackson, Bobby Bonds, Steve Blass, Gene Tenace, Seppio Spinks and Vida Blue. Rolfe Fingers and Tom Hall, the relief stars of the World Series, have taken Instructional instruction. After his bad 1971 season, Johnny Bench got ready for 1972 by going to Tampa to correct some flaws in his batting style while getting his head screwed back on straight at the same time. You know what happened in 1972: most National League home runs and RBIs, the Most Valuable Player award.

Any assumption that the supply of baseball players has dried up because of expansion is obviously fallacious, as will be established in the next few seasons—perhaps as quickly as April 1973. What's more, some of the finest young players are going to wind up on teams that need them the most.

Detroit, for example, appears to have a truly superior prospect in a 20-year-old second baseman named Dan Meyer. In 1972 Meyer played for Bristol, Va. in the Appalachian League and hit .396. Tiger executives, having trouble believing the .396, sent Meyer off to Dunedin, Fla. to see how he could handle advanced coaching in the Instructional League. Meyer hit .409.

In June and July the Boston Red Sox were being criticized because their farm system seemed to be producing far too


few big-league players. Then, led by Carlton Fisk, the young Red Sox cut loose and moved the team into contention in the American League East. The best teams in the Southern Division of this year's Florida Instructional League was Boston—and half of the Red Sox pitchers in Florida were left-handed. Whenever Boston gets a winning left-handed pitcher into Fenway Park the lights goes on in Old North Church.

Two of the best hitters in the majors were in Florida working at totally different objectives. Minnesota's Tony Oliva, who played only 10 games during the season, was trying to strengthen a knee from which 100 home chips were removed in June. Young (23) Ted Simmons of St. Louis, one of only seven men to bat .300 in each of the last two years, could be found at first base rather than behind the plate. Each morning he would field between 600 and 800 ground balls as part of a program to give the Cardinals more maneuverability in the season ahead.

Neither the Florida League nor its four-team counterpart in Arizona has received a surplus of public attention; both commence operation in mid-September, when a pennant race of one form or another is afoot in the major leagues, and continue through the playoffs and World Series as well as a good part of the football schedule and the beginnings of both the pro basketball and hockey seasons. But the importance of the Instructional Leagues has increased to such a degree that owners have begun to form around them. One is that a good Instructional League season presages a banner major league campaign the following year.

Baltimore won the Florida League race in 1965 and went on to take the World Series the next fall. The Red Sox, surprise winners of the 1967 Amer-

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ican League pennant, were the Florida champions in 1966. The "Miracle Mets" of 1969 had won in Florida the previous year.

Many baseball people feel the modest sums of money put into an Instructional League program are the best investment made during a year because the mental aspects of the game are stressed as much as the physical. The Twins have long been aggressive proponents. Says George Brophy, Minnesota's farm-team director: "When we won the American League pennant in 1965, 22 of our 25 players had been through the Instructional League program. Of the team we had in Florida in 1970, five players had already put in a full season in the major leagues. The cost to our organization has ranged from about \$45,000 to \$62,000 a year, and it is money we consider well spent. A player can learn things in less than 300 months that would normally take a year to learn as the minors."

No player has ever become wealthy in an Instructional League. In Florida each man is given \$15 a day for lodging and meals. Nor is the training light: the days are long indeed. For most part, teams report at 10 a.m. and start working on fundamentals or game strategy. At one p.m. the games begin. On some days doubleheaders are played. Most teams keep careful count to make sure that every player gets in the same number of innings and, when possible, also gets as many at bats as his fellows.

Statistics have little importance in Instructional League play and are not part of a player's career averages. Sam Mele, the former Twins manager who is now a scout and instructor for the Red Sox, says, "We feel that the pressure of a batting average or an earned-run average should be removed. Sure, good players want to do well wherever they play, but they don't have to worry here if they have a couple of 0-for-4 days in a row. The purpose is to teach the good things and remove as many of the bad ones as possible."

The team that enjoyed this year's fine performances in the biggest clusters was the St. Louis Cardinals. In the '60s the Cardinals were dread birds, but recently they have become dead birds. Now chirps are being heard again. Probably no pitching staff in recent seasons in any professional league has

been as impressive as that of the 1972 Florida Instructional League Cardinals, who won 26 of their last 32 games. In 11 of the last 13 games the young Cardinal pitchers allowed a single run or none. In the other two games the Cards gave up three earned runs and two unearned runs.

Names? Ruy Barr and Rich Folkers are only slightly known, and an emerging group of Boh Forsch, Greg Telecky, Tom Mitchell and Burt Nordstrom is currently no more than caption material for photographers who shoot pictures for bubble-gum cards. The combined record of this group, however, was an amazing 23-4.

Any St. Louis team seems to produce a batting star. The new one is a San Franciscan, Keith Hernandez, who is 19 years old, bats and throws left-handed and was signed for a reported \$135,000 as a combination pitcher-batter. He hits line drives and has a fine laugh, humility and good eyes. Hernandez' father once played in the Cardinal organization.

Since Hernandez has now moved to first base, St. Louis may eventually have quite a crowd at that corner—or, more likely, the makings of some trades. Sammons has been working out there. Slugger Joe Torre is moving over from third base. Tim McCarver has been reacquired and he seems to be heading firstward. Then there is Ed Kurpiet, the Cards' first-round draft choice of 1971. St. Louis is also well stocked at catcher and third, positions where most teams are short.

In any case, Hernandez is bound to play somewhere. "Hernandez has the type of swing you don't touch," says Harry Walker, the new St. Louis batting instructor. "You just put him out there and let him play. He looks like Musial when he first came up, only he isn't quite as fast."

The Cardinals had six hitters on their Instructional League roster with batting averages over .300. Hernandez was the most impressive, and he played first base like a young master. When he injured his wrist late in the season he voluntarily spent the final days serving as the team's bat-and-ball boy. "If everything goes well for me," he says, "I believe I can get to the major leagues in two years. The Instructional League has helped me in every aspect of the game. Now the rest is up to me."

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haverhill's



## Aargh! 'Tis better to miss

At the nationals Gerald Evans kicked with such beautiful precision that he did not kill a soul—which is the real point of the game

IN TV land sweet old ladies with tough hands are chopping up gangs of muggers. In England unwanted buildings are being demolished the same way, and all over the Western World defenseless bricks and boards haven't stood a chance in years. Soon, at this rate, they'll be making bumper stickers that read: REGISTER HANDS AND FEET, NOT FIREARMS, and every cook and nanny will want to learn karate, or what will be left of it after the flacks get through transforming it into show biz.

The gentleness of the violent arts has received a very good press in recent years, which is to say a very bad one. But the more that was told about karate the less anybody really knew about it. The sport was fragmented into schools—Japanese, Okinawan, Korean—fought by different rules, but a fortnight ago in Philadelphia came the All America Karate Championship Tournament, the first truly national one, run by the All America Karate Federation. In April the AAKF was named by the AAU the official voice of U.S. karate and now, it was said, the sport had a leg in the Olympics. In Philadelphia there was one set

of rules, sanctioned by the AAU, and no disputes once competition began. Nothing was broken, not a brick or a board or even a bone. As one karate man said, "All these guys are on the fringe of spirituality." The losers were as serenely calm as the winners. No athlete is capable of more human destruction than the *karateka*, and many times each of the 150 contestants came within half an inch or closer of death or maiming, but no hand or foot was lifted in anger. Only a few accidental cuts and bruises were recorded.

Still, a whole afternoon of karate turned out to be an overdose for those who had nothing to relate the postime to but boxing or Lee Marvin movies. A certain little rule made it a frustrating experience. That is the one that says no punches or kicks will come in full contact with an opponent. While it was a national karate tournament all right, and exciting at times, more often it was about as much of a spectacle as Joe Frazier taking on Muhammad Ali in the World Heavyweight Sparring Championship.

In All America karate, kicks and punches are judged by appearance, so

they must be delivered at maximum velocity, yet stopped when foot or fist grazes the opponent's face or throat or other vital point. Considering the fate of innumerable boards and bricks, one begins to understand something about a karate man's self-control and his faith, which knows bounds. One entrant said, "I've never gone in there unafraid of being hit." Others nodded.

In competitive karate a full point, which wins a match, is awarded for kicks or punches that would have maimed or killed, half a point for less lethal ones, judging karate obviously requires a colorful imagination. Another quality that would have been appreciated at Philadelphia is a fluency in English. There are dozens of different kicks and punches, each with its own name, and the judges, nearly all Oriental, made their calls aloud, but only one was consistently decipherable: "errroundhouse," for the kick of that name and with the accent on the errround.

"How long has he been in this country?" a judge was asked.

"Ten years."

"And that's how he speaks English?"

"Well, he belongs to a cousin's club."

All the judges, it appeared, belonged to a cousin's club.

Often the judges' calls were drowned out by the disconcerting groans and screams of contestants psyching themselves. One of the less inhibited gave out with a startling "Aargh," "Aargh," with every punch or kick, but the most common sound was a guttural "Ee-ee-ee," "Ee-ee-ee," meaningless, really, but with such a feminine ring to it that one newcomer to karate nominated Ee-ee-ee queen of the tournament.

Stranger than any sound, though, or than any other sight, was that of lightweights competing against heavies. This is the way it is done in the All America Karate Federation. As an official explained, "People think a 125-pounder will be destroyed if he fights a 250-pounder, but if that big guy looks like a monster, then the little one is quicker, and an awfully tough target. That is the beauty of karate. It teaches you pride and confidence in what you are, no matter what your limitations. We feel that this carries over into other areas of life. Try to tell people that, though, that there is more to karate than fighting and physical perfection, and they say, 'I go to church on Sunday. I don't need more of that.'"

continued



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But the old spirituality kept popping up. "Winning doesn't mean much," said Gerald Evans, 34, ultimately the tournament champion, and he seemed to mean it. Following his final match Evans was asked, "What did you win it with?" Turning to a friend, he replied, "I don't know. Was it a kick or a punch?"

"What really matters," said Evans, a Philadelphian who wants to become a karate instructor, "is that karate teaches you calmness and control of your emotions. You learn to function through anything and not to dwell on pain, which is a temporary thing." In a semifinal match Evans, only 170 pounds, was accidentally kicked in the chest by a 190-pounder, a half-point loss, but though in pain he remained impassive and moved to attack. He said, "I've seen guys win with broken ribs. If I'd hesitated, if he'd read pain in my face, he'd have been on me."

"Did you enjoy it?" the karate people were asking at the tourney's close, and if the reply was lukewarm they would dip into their bags of familiar arguments. One said that in 1968 Joey Giardello's punch was measured against that of Teruyuki Okazaki, currently director of the East Coast Karate Association and a seventh-degree black belt at the time. Giardello's punch measured 430 pounds per square inch, Okazaki's 2,240. The comparison was not made out of pride or because it revealed the essence of karate, which of course it didn't, but rather out of desperation. The *karateka* are looking for greater acceptance in this country. Unfortunately, in relating their art to American sport, they help unwittingly to delay the arrival of the day when karate is accepted for what it truly is, something subtle and private and, yes, on the fringe of spirituality.

On the wall of the Philadelphia Karate Club is this motto: "The Ultimate Aim of the Art of Karate Lies Not in Victory or Defeat, but in the Character of its Participants." Says Fred Borda, a club member, "Karate can help people avoid a life spent fearing what lies in the shadows. By helping them to be aware of what they really are, and of what they can be, it can free them from their fears."

Last week a new student came to the club, a tough kid. "How do I break a brick?" he asked Teruyuki Okazaki.

"Get yourself a hammer, son," Okazaki told him.

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# ENOUGH CRACKS ABOUT





# PHILLY?

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

*The jokesters have had a field day ever since the bell busted, often because the teams were a laugh, but locals regard their losers with love*

Fred Allen once remarked on his television program that he had a friend who took a sleeping pill every morning so people would think he was from Philadelphia. For that addition to Philadelphia jokes the Philadelphia Public Relations Association presented Allen with its Scrapple Award—25 pounds of scrapple—given annually to the public figure who comes up with the best addition to those old cracks about the city: *e.g.*, I went to Philadelphia last weekend, but it was closed; or, I spent a month in Philadelphia last weekend; or, first prize, one week in Philadelphia, second prize, two weeks in Philadelphia.

"Ah, Philadelphia," said W. C. Fields, who began his career there. "If a woman dropped her glove, she might be hauled before a judge for stripteasing." Fields made jokes about the city throughout his life, which lasted from 1879 to 1946, and nobody enjoyed them more than Philadelphians. This year Philadelphia's Shackamaxon Society held a party on his birthday (Jan. 29) with a W. C. Fields impersonation contest, a martini-oliving contest, a dog-kicking contest (with a stuffed dog) and a child-insulting contest (with a live child). Long before Fields, and for that matter long before Fred Allen's drowsy friend, and before innerspring mattresses and water beds, Philadelphia had a reputation for excessive sobriety and somnolence. It was known as a nice place to live, but you wouldn't want to visit there. If you did so expecting a lively

CONTINUED

weekend, you would find the pinnacle of night life consisted of dropping a quarter into one of those vibrating-bed gizmos.

Philadelphians do not mind if you amble down their streets. They do the same. As for traffic, first-time visitors are in for a shock. They must soon realize that Philadelphia is not a city; it is one huge Stop sign. On the other hand, taxi drivers are not horn-happy; they take corners on four wheels instead of two and, having delivered you to your destination, they alight from the front seat, open the back door and thank you for your fare. A survey of deaths from coronaries among middle-aged men in 163 cities revealed that Philadelphia ranked 34th, well behind Savannah; Norfolk, Va.; New York; Los Angeles and Dallas. The Relaxation Club of America once gave its most-relaxed-city award to Philadelphia, for one reason among several: "Drivers swear less than in other cities."

The most conspicuous kind of civic action in Philadelphia appears when inhabitants are at last aroused to defend the town's name or to get rid of some local evil. Then the action is one suggesting "a committee be appointed to study the situation." Philadelphia leads the world in committees. The city has been mired in indecision for so long that these committees invariably begin with an ominous snort, sputter out quickly and fade from the scene with a furious shrug of the shoulders. Much the same pattern has been observed in boxers who come from Philadelphia. They sparkle through gym workouts like so many Sugar Ray Robinsons and then step into the ring for real and wind up like Camusback McGoon. There is a name for them in boxing, no matter where they come from: Philadelphia fighters.

Fortunately for Philadelphia, a good-natured attitude toward disagreements is deeply ingrained in its traditions. During the Constitutional Convention of 1787 Benjamin Franklin, according to one historian, "contributed to the success of the sessions by the spirit of conciliation that he induced. Without Franklin's humorous anecdotes at moments of heated argument, the Convention might have exploded into controversy and bitterness." Franklin came to Philadelphia as a long-haired teen-ager. He was a wrestler of some skill, a fine swimmer and, at 46, he experimented with kite-flying in a thunderstorm; he also provided the city with its first paved streets, first fire company, its street-cleaning service and regular police force, established the subscription library, the first hospital and fire insurance company, organized militia forces and built a fort on the Delaware River to protect the city's eastern flank. But his greatest achievement came in his 80s when he calmed the embattled delegates at the Convention. Franklin accomplished this, said a biographer, because "he knew well that learning to laugh at one's self was an impregnable refuge of tranquility and sanity."

Being able to laugh at one's self—and at one's home teams—has been a trait of Philadelphians for a long time. To be sure, sports fans in the city are noted for their booing; in fact, they are renowned as the booiest in the major leagues. Philadelphians boo performances outside of sports, too. "They have Easter egg hunts," said Bob Uecker, a former catcher with the Phillies, "and if the kids don't find the eggs, they get booed."

"I remember a crowd booing Santa Claus at a football game," said Sandy Grady, a columnist with the *Bulletin*. He

is a transplanted North Carolinian, once a sportswriter, who has made a profound study of Philadelphia booing psychology. "When Sonny Jurgensen quarterbacked the Eagles," Grady went on, "he had a neighbor who had never been to a pro game. So Sonny gave him a ticket. It was one of those days when he kept throwing interceptions, and he got booed badly. After the game Sonny asked his neighbor if he had heard the boos. 'Yeah,' said the neighbor. 'It's fun. You ought to try it yourself.'"

Grady believes that having terrible teams has a purifying effect on Philadelphians, such as Aristotle ascribed to tragedy: pity and terror effecting a catharsis. "By booing the teams," Grady said, "they don't have to take out all their anger on politicians." Speaking of terrible teams, the baseball Phillies have very likely lost more games than any team in history—6,221 since 1900. While Phillies fans are generally castigated for their booing and intolerance, they are actually the longest suffering rooters in any city, a fact dramatically substantiated in 1964. That was the year the team led by 6½ games with just 12 to go, then folded up faster than a 52 tent when they lost 10 successive games and blew the pennant. But neither fans nor press berated the Phillies, the overriding feeling being that the club had attained maximum success with minimum talent.

The best assessment of Philadelphia fans was made by Harry Walker, who was with the Phillies for a couple of years. "This is a lunch-pal town," he said. Walker's thesis was that in a workman's town the fans expect an athlete to put in a full day's work for a full day's pay. Like fans everywhere, they boo umpires and errors, but in Philadelphia nothing sets them off as much as players who refuse to give their all. Toward the end of the 1969 season, when Richie Allen was still a Phillie, he pawed the ground around first base, writing messages with his spikes: "Hi, Mom," or numerals reminding one and all how many games he had to play before he mercifully would be traded. This sparked some of the most venomous boos ever heard, even in the City of Brotherly Love. Now, three years later (and three teams removed from Philadelphia) he wants to be known as Dick Allen rather than Richie Allen. Why? "Richie reminds me too much of Philadelphia," he says.

Outfielder Del Ennis bore up better under the fusillade of boos aimed at him during his career. Looking back on the period when those discouraging waves of melancholy sound poured from the stands in his direction, he sometimes speculates that the fans hassled him so much because he grew up in North Philadelphia. Ennis said he should have understood. Eventually, he learned not to let boos bother him. But it took some doing. "One guy was on me all one game," he said, "so after it was over I went into the stands and challenged him. He didn't want to fight, and it was only then I realized that people came to the park to let off steam, and they didn't mean any harm." Ennis began to go along with their gags. "At times the whole park would stand and cheer me," he said. "Other days they threw things at me." One of the items hurled at Ennis was a bag in which a fan, in an exasperated moment, had placed the sandwich he planned to eat during

*Hello and goodbye: Fans in '30 welcomed the Whit Kids, but stars Grover Cleveland Alexander and Dick Allen were sent packing.*



the game. "I ate the sandwich," Ennis said, "to show I could enjoy a gag."

Philadelphians love the scuffling races on the Schuylkill River (pronounce it "Skookul" and people will think you grew up in the city). There is a small waterfall below the course, equally hazardous to winners and losers. "If the boats don't go over the falls," said Bob Uecker, "they are booted!" Sandy Grady recalled a Phillie outfielder who broke his arm trying (and failing) to make a catch. "They booed him as he was being carried off the field on a stretcher," Grady said. At the splendid new Veterans Stadium the 1972 Opening Day ceremonies included an act by Kiteman Richard Johnson, who wore enormous makeshift wings and skis and stood atop a wooden ramp 140 feet long and eight feet wide at the upper rim of the stadium. He was to ski down the ramp, become airborne, fly to the mound and deliver the first ball to the waiting catcher. Gusty winds delayed his takeoff. Anxious to get on with this most unusual of first-ball routines, the fans began booing. Reluctant to take off but pricked by the catcalls, Johnson zoomed away. Down the chute he sped, fighting gusts. Near the end of the ramp a crosswind backed him off and sent him sprawling at top speed into the seats. Miraculously, Johnson survived without any broken bones. He did break five chairs and an iron railing, however, and as he lay in a tangle of debris the crowd, which numbered more than 38,000 that day, rose as one to pay tribute—yes, with thundering boos.

Not that Philadelphia booing is limited to baseball, sculling, Easter egg hunts or Santa Claus. Some of the most devastating assaults in Philadelphia sports history were the prolonged and vitriolic torments, ominous as foghorns at sea, directed against Joe Kuharich, former coach and general manager of the Philadelphia Eagles (pronounced "Igglies"). Accustomed as local fans are to continuous defeat, there was something about Kuharich's discussions of them that left the citizens appalled. Even his remarks about the odd victories left them unsure. Talking about a game in which the Eagles made a second-half comeback, he said, "That was a horse of a different fire department." Another time, defending his choice of the Eagle backfield, he said, "Keeping three quarterbacks is rare, but not unusual." When the Eagles lost a game 56-7, the fans did not like it when Kuharich played down the defeat by saying, "A missed block here, a missed assignment there—it all adds up."

As he traded away players like Sonny Jurgensen, Maxie Baughan, Irv Cross, Timmy Brown, Lee Roy Caffey, Mike Clark and Tommy McDonald, the fans' uneasiness increased. At one game a ramshackle outhouse was placed near the field, bearing a label: "Joe's Home." Then, one Sunday afternoon, a plane appeared above Franklin Field trailing a banner that read GOOBYES JOE BABY. The plane was rented by the Get Rid of Joe Kuharich Club, which claimed to have 500 card-carrying members. But Kuharich, though fired in 1969, has the last laugh. He still draws a \$49,000 annual salary from the Eagles on a 15-year contract that does not expire until 1979.

A team is known by its nickname and by the locality it inhabits. In these days of franchise transfers, teams often lose their personal identities—e.g., the baseball Dodgers, who were as much Brooklyn as they were Dodgers, are now the

continued

Los Angeles Dodgers, but they might as readily be the Dodgers of some other city or the Bank of America Dodgers. Not all teams have been so smothered. Particularly in Philadelphia the clubs seem to cling to the shreds of their heritage. To understand the local sports panorama it is vital to understand how this is part of the life of the town, its history and its mores.

Philadelphians simply do not fret about being the biggest, the tallest, the richest, the swingiest. Perhaps the reason there is no Superman in Philadelphia is that there is no tall building to leap over with a single bound. It is an unwritten law that no building shall rise above the hat on the head of the statue of Billy Penn atop City Hall, a height of 548 feet. Thus it is that there are more than 100 taller buildings in the U.S., including one or more in such places as Albany, N.Y. and Columbus, Ohio.

But there is more to Philadelphia than that. Much more. There is the Museum of Art, aglow in tawny brilliance under evening spotlights, The Franklin Institute of science, the splendid Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Oresky. And there is Fairmount Park, extending for five miles along both banks of the Schuylkill River and up Wissahickon Creek for five miles more, 4,109.6 acres in all. Fairmount Park is the largest municipally run park anywhere, with miles of trails for riding bicycles and horses, acres of playing fields and grassy knolls—a paradise for those with energy to expend or thoughts to contemplate.

There is the Germantown Cricket Club, whose Bill Tilden was seven times U.S. singles tennis champion, the Merion Cricket Club, whose Diehl Mater dominated squash racquets for years, the Philadelphia Country Club, whose Glena Collet Vare was six times U.S. amateur golf finalist. It was at Merion that Bobby Jones completed his Grand Slam by winning the U.S. Amateur. The first archery club in the U.S. was the United Bowmen of Philadelphia, formed in 1828. Bowling on the green was a prominent sport from colonial times onward, and Philadelphia cricket teams were almost invincible around the turn of the century against clubs from other U.S. cities and Canada, and competed respectably against visiting teams from Britain and on tours of England. Fox hunting was one of the passions of wealthy Philadelphians. It is said there was once another obscure sport among the upper crust—cat hunting. It seems one John Sergeant Price was annoyed by the howls of his neighbors' cats and organized a cat-shooting expedition. It was so successful that it became an annual event, and was evidently a social as well as a sporting occasion, since there is a record of a debutante in the 1930s describing the difficulties of hunting cats by moonlight in a ball gown.

No American city has so conscientiously preserved the record of its past as has Philadelphia. To be sure, there are artifacts in parks and museums besides the Liberty Bell or the relics in Independence Hall: the jawbone of Grover Cleveland, a statue of Leif Ericson's brother-in-law, the wallet carried that day by Archduke Francis Ferdinand in Sarajevo. Given a chance the city can prove it was the home of innumerable firsts in the U.S.—lager beer, the ice-cream soda, the merry-go-round and the revolving door. But principally the history of Philadelphia for 300 years is one in which it could have been first, and was often found wanting.

William Penn founded the city in 1682 (after obtaining the

land from King Charles II in payment for favors owed his father) as "a holy experiment," and in colonial days Philadelphia was the largest, wealthiest and most cultured community in the New World. When the first U.S. census was taken in 1790 the city was second to New York. By 1830 it had been shoved into third place by Baltimore. Twenty years later it was pushed out of third by Boston. By taking in the entire country, Philadelphia regained second place in 1860, only to be passed by Chicago, remaining third until the rise of Los Angeles reduced it to fourth in 1960.

Herbert Lipson, who publishes *Philadelphia Magazine*, said, "I think Philadelphians love to be third or fourth in all things. Being first makes you stand out, and they don't want that. If you're second, people think that you want to be first, and it's too bad you didn't make it. That's uncomfortable. But third or fourth, those are comfortable niches."

Philadelphia might have had the historic Tea Party instead of Boston, but failed. In 1773, when Great Britain tried to impose tea and taxes, the ship *Polly*, with one Captain Ayres at the helm, was en route to Philadelphia with a cargo of tea, news of which reached the city in ample time for preparations. On Oct. 18, 1773, weeks before the Bostonians had reached their Tea Party plans, the Philadelphians held a meeting. The Committee for Tarring and Feathering was appointed—Philadelphia obviously was already in trouble. True to the civic pattern, the committee got off to a dynamic start and penned this warning to Captain Ayres: "What think you, Captain, of a halter around your neck, 10 gallons of tar decanted on your pate, with the feathers of a dozen wild geese laid over that to enliven your appearance? Only think seriously of this and fly to the place from whence you came. Fly without hesitation, without the formality of a protest, and above all, dear Captain Ayres, let us advise you to fly without the wild goose feathers."

Captain Ayres refused to turn back. He arrived in Philadelphia on Dec. 26, 1773 and was confronted by the largest gathering in the history of the city, 8,000 angry, booming Philadelphians. The tar and feathering committee then took over. When the committee finished its deliberations Captain Ayres was allowed to depart without a drop of tar or a single feather. In short, they blew the whole affair.

Grandiose planning and mild execution have been hallmarks of Philadelphia ever since. The city was the capital during the Revolutionary War, only to be shunted aside for New York. It then appeared that Philadelphia would regain the honor, being a more centrally located site. It was chosen once more, but only until a new capital could be built on the Potomac. At least it can be said that for seven years, while he was President, George Washington slept in Philadelphia. But then, what else could he do?

Baseball had an early but uninspired start in the city. In 1860 the local team lost to the mighty Excelsiors of New York 15-4, and Philadelphia sports fans were reported to be delighted because the team had not lost by a larger score. Three years later the city acquired the first professional baseball player, Al Reach, who signed with the Athletics with the understanding that he be allowed to commute between Philadelphia and New York, where he worked as a silversmith.

In 1869 three different Philadelphia teams lost to the Cincinnati Reds—the Olympics 22-11, the Athletics 27-18, the

continued





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## PHILLY continued

Keystones 45-30—and the local rooters were quite enthused about “the splendid showing of the home teams.” Still, there were glorious moments. In 1871 the Philadelphia Athletics won the first pennant in the earliest known pro league, the National Association. (Because of assorted irregularities the National Association has been ruled not to have been a major league.) Two years later Philadelphia became the first city to have two teams in a league when the Quakers joined the Athletics in representing the town. The Quakers wore gray shirts and pants, white stockings and low-crowned hats, and fans in other towns greeted them with remarks like, “Didst thee score a run in thee’s last game?”

The National League, the modern organization, commenced play on April 22, 1876, with all games weathered out except the one in Philadelphia, where Boston beat the Athletics 6-5. It is not exactly clear when the original Athletics were replaced by a new team called the Phillies, but it may have been in 1883. Thirty-two years passed before they won a National League pennant. But they did have some fine individual players. Billy Hamilton twice stole an alltime high of 111 bases. On July 13, 1896 Ed Delahanty put on one of baseball’s most prodigious hitting exhibitions by slugging home runs to left, right and center, over a fence 35 feet high, and adding an inside-the-park home run. As a reward Delahanty was given four sticks of chewing gum. There were, however, some awkward moments. One came in 1898 when Tommy Corcoran of the Cincinnati Reds was coaching at third base during a game in Philadelphia. While scuffling around in the dirt Corcoran’s spikes caught on what he thought was a vine. He tugged on it, and found it to be wire. He kept tugging on it and followed its path until it led him across the field into the Phillie clubhouse. There he found Morgan Murphy, a Phillie catcher, with a pair of opera glasses and a telegraph buzzer, devices he used to steal and relay signs to the Phillie coach at third base.

The new Philadelphia Athletics were charter members of the American League, but when Connie Mack arrived as manager in 1901 he had no players, no ball park and no encouragement. John McGraw called the Athletics “a white elephant,” a symbol the Athletics wore on their uniforms for years. But Mack got Ben Shibe to put up money for a park and

*continued*

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## PHILLY

rained National League teams, plucking short standouts as Nap Lajoie and I ave Crows. Managing the team from the first American League season through 1950, Mack ran the pennant from eighth place to world championships.

But in their first World Series in 1905 the Athletics beat none other than McGraw's Giants. With Christy Mathewson pitching three shutouts and Joe McGinnity a fourth, the A's lost, but with no loss of esteem in Philadelphia. They had their revenge when they defeated the Giants in both the 1911 and 1913 World Series, the latter marking the fourth time the Athletics had won the pennant. But the local resistance to being first was at work, and with hard times, Mack had no choice but to sell a number of his stars. The remains of the 1913 World Champions wound up in eighth place in 1915, the first of seven consecutive such finishes.

Until the Mets in 1962, a longer schedule, the Athletics of 1916 lost more games in one season than any club in this century: 117. They did this with the help of 314 errors, 78 of them by Shortstop Whitey Witt. "You never saw a club like that one," said Tom Sheehan, a pitcher whose record was 1-16 for the Athletics that season. But Jack Nabors' outdid Sheehan with a 1-19 record, all his losses coming in a row to establish a mark that still stands.

Joe Bush (15-22 that year) has a tale to tell about that 1916 team. "We had lost 20 straight, tying the league record," he said. "Then I beat Detroit. When I came into the clubhouse, instead of congratulating me, the team was furious and gave me hell because I'd ruined its chance of setting a record."

Amazingly, Mack rebuilt his club and won pennants in 1929-30-31 behind the slugging of Jimmy Fox, Al Simmons and Mickey Cochrane plus the pitching of Rube Walberg, Lefty Grove and George Farnshaw. Then, though he had promised after 1915 that he would never do it again, Mack had to break up his team because of a whopping payroll, declining attendance and the Depression. First to go in the white-elephant sale this time were Mule Haas, Jimmy Dykes and Al Simmons. Simmons had had some extraordinary seasons, hitting .351, .365, .381, .386, .390 and .392. But no matter, he and the two others went to the White Sox for \$150,000. Cochrane was sold to the Tigers for \$100,000. Then Grove, Walberg and Max Bishop were shipped

to the Red Sox for \$625,000. Last of all, Mack peddled Fox for \$150,000. From 1934 until the team was transferred to Kansas City in 1954 the Athletics were in the first division only twice.

Meanwhile the Phillies had somehow absorbed so much of the tranquil Philadelphia atmosphere that their very name was held to be a cause of their lackluster play. Horace Fogel, a former sports writer, became president of the club after the 1909 season, and his first act was to change the name. The word *Phillies*, he said, "has come to mean a comfortable lackadaisicalness." His new name was the Live Wires. Fogel went so far as to order thousands of watch fobs decorated with a replica of an eagle clutching a wire that threw off sparks. Within three years, however, I fogel himself had thrown off enough sparks to be found guilty of impugning the integrity of the game, and in the first scandal in the club since the telegraphic war affair of 1898, was officially "barred forever from the councils of the National League."

In 1910 the Phillies acquired Grover Cleveland Alexander for \$750, and for the next seven years, with Alex winning at least 20 games each season (and a total of 191), the team only twice dropped out of the first division, winning the pennant in 1915. But when Alexander got his preliminary draft notice in 1917, Owner Bill Baker thought it would be a shrewd move to unload him and let another club fret about getting him back from the war in one piece. So he traded him to the Cubs and Alexander went on to win another 183 games in his career.

After the hapless Phillies had finished no higher than seventh for a decade the National League took over the club, and in February 1943 finally found a buyer, William D. Cox. When the team assembled for spring training, there were only 16 men on hand to play for the Blue Jays, as Cox wanted to rename his squad. Cox even worked out as a pitcher. Some time later the owner was persuaded by Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis to resign from the club presidency because of alleged gambling.

It was not until 1950 that the Phillies won their second pennant, this one on a final-game homer by Dick Sisler. In the meantime, however, the Eagles won the first official pro football championship for the city (Connie Mack claimed the pro football championship of the U.S. in 1902 when his team, with Rube Waddell



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## PHILLY

playing, beat Pittsburgh, with (Tommy Mathewson.) Three years in a row, starting in 1947, the Eagles made it to the championship game, first losing to the Cardinals 28-21, then beating them 7-0—a flizard in Philadelphia and retaining the title by bumping off the Rams 14-0.

Such achievements scarcely changed the Philadelphia fans' habits of booing. Or their paradoxical response to defeat. After the Phillies won the pennant in 1950 the marvellous Whiz Kids turned almost overnight into the Whiff Kids. Under Manager Eddie Sawyer the Phillies finished last in 1959. When they lost their first game in 1960 by 9-4, Sawyer quit. "I'm 49 years old," he explained, "and I'd like to live to be 50."

Gene Mauch, who managed the Phillies throughout most of the '60s, became famous for his spectacular temper tantrums. Once Mauch smashed in his office door with a fungo bat. Another time he ripped a phone off the clubhouse wall. After one particularly galling ninth-inning defeat he hauled spare ribs, chicken, potato salad, watermelon and cantaloupe around the locker room. Now-a-days, looking back on the past, Mauch says reflectively, "Those days I lived in hope—in the hope that the other teams would get worse." They didn't. But even Mauch could be startled by the unpredictable reactions of Philadelphia fans. In 1961, having set a modern record by losing 23 games in a row, the Phillies returned home to be greeted by a wildly enthusiastic crowd. "I thought everybody loved a winner," Mauch said, "but I guess they love a loser more."

And what about 1972? Things got so bad for the Phillies this summer that after losing 18 of 19 games a Turn It Around Night was held. Everything was turned around: stadium employees wore ID badges on their backs, the lineup was announced in reverse order, the scoreboard began with the ninth inning and worked back to the first. TV showed players running backward and, before the game started, the organist played *Gounod's Sweetest*. It was to no avail: the Phillies lost 4-3.

The Phillies finished the season in last place, the Eagles will probably do likewise and the 76ers seem capable of living up to their name—in the loss column, which would be quite a feat in an 82-game season. In early November four Eagle rooters filed a class-action suit against the team on behalf of 60,000 fans, demand-

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## PHILLY

ving a refund for the first four home games on the grounds that the Eagles were "incomplete, amateurish, lacking in effort and far below the level of pro football performances expected of an NFL team." "That was even more of a slap in the face than the remark by Cornell All-America Ed Manzano last winter when he was asked about his football plans and said, 'I'd like to play for the Eagles for a year and then go on to the pros.'"

The only hope for a winning team appears to rest with the Flyers of the National Hockey League, who could earn a playoff berth. There remains, though, the traumatic recollection of last winter, when the Flyers needed only a tie in their final game to make it to the playoffs. The score was 2-2 until their opponents knocked in a goal from the blue line to win with four seconds left in the season. Despite dire predictions that they wouldn't draw, the Flyers have done exceptionally well and this season are virtually sold out. As for the Blazers of the World Hockey Association, didn't make them long to fit into the local sports scene, their last home game was postponed because the ice was cracking.

Goats are Philadelphia's days of sporting excellence, which peaked in the '40s and '50s when the Eagles had Steve Van Buren, Pete Piles, and Chuck Bednarik, and when Big Five college basketball was the best to be found in any U.S. city as Temple came up with All-American Bill Milvy and Guy Rodgers. Penn had Irv Beck, Villanova had Paul Arizin and La Salle took the 1954 NCAA championship with Tom Gola. Those were the days when the Warriors (predecessors of the 76ers) had Arizin, Neil Johnston and, in later seasons, Walt Chamberlain. (Let anyone forget, it was Philadelphia and Walt who ended the Boston Celtics' domination of the NBA in 1967.) As good as he was, Chamberlain, a hometown boy, achieved his most lasting fame elsewhere—as a collegian at Kansas and now as a Los Angeles Laker. Even his most memorable feat came out of town, when in 1962 he scored an NBA-record 100 points in a game for the Warriors in Hershey, Pa.

Getting out of town has been the secret of success for many Philadelphians, including hordes of entertainers who grew up in South Philly. "The home of the prodigal poor," as the area is known, produced Mario Lanza, Joey Bishop, Fudge Fisher and Clubby Checker. Sonny Liston

(Continued)



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tion may have put it better than anyone after he moved West. Said Liston, "I'd rather be a lamppost in Denver than mayor of Philadelphia."

Unlike many other American cities, Philadelphia is pleasantly livable. At the same time, there is something about the town that bugs people down, slows their productivity, curbs their initiative. Philadelphians themselves admit this, and enjoy citing the case of the committee that several years ago tried to lure industry and tourists. After many meetings it approved a slogan to be put on billboards and in advertisements: Philadelphia Is Not as Bad as Philadelphians Say It Is.

Los Angeles has its Hollywood and Vite, New Orleans its Bourbon Street, New York its Times Square, Atlanta its Peachtree Street. Philadelphia streetlamps are paved with anonymity. Other cities have been singing about in catchy tunes such as *Gabriel's*, *Mean Old Mom* and *Chicago*. Nobody sings about Philly. Manhattan has its cocktail, St. Louis its blues, New Orleans its jazz. Philadelphia? Well, what other city has a brand of cream cheese named after it?

The negativism of Philadelphia is compounded of a long record of defeats, mixed with a dash of sonic pride, a hope that perhaps a little suffering will be good for the soul and an ability to laugh at oneself. When the Astrodome was opened in Houston the prevailing local opinion was that it ranked among the wonders of the world, but when Veterans Stadium was unveiled in Philadelphia, with its 53 million scoreboard, its animated cartoons, dancing waters and ushettes in hot pants, the comment most frequently heard was, "Gee, this place is a lot better than I thought it would be." When the Federal Government announced last May that the 1976 Bicentennial International Exposition would now be awarded to Philadelphia, the reaction of people that day throughout the city was, "I knew it, I knew it." Sometimes there was an added comment, such as, "I knew they'd find a way to bungle it." Some 15 years ago the city leaders realized that 1976 was approaching, and that they had better get started. They began by appointing a committee. Over the years they appointed more committees. Losing the exposition cost the city at least \$240 million in federal funds as well as the celebration itself. But it was no surprise to Philadelphians. They knew it would be lost. In Philadelphia they know.

END



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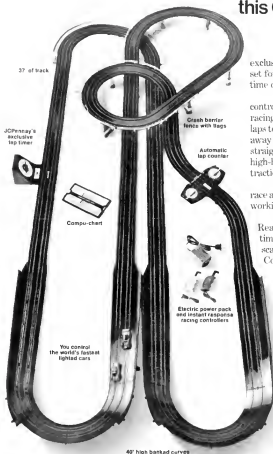
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## YESTERDAY

# Wild Bill Who? The Country's Best What?

Something called roller polo was the rage 60 years ago, but circumstances made a liar of the adman who once wrote, "it will undoubtedly become the national indoor sport" by KEITH HODGDON

One of the curious aspects of American sport is the way games embed themselves in the public consciousness for a period of years, then become dislodged by a shift in taste, by a war or by a better game. Such a one was roller polo, an early-day version of ice hockey, but played on roller skates. Though nearly forgotten today, the game enjoyed the kind of success around the turn of the century that seemed to assure a rich and boundless future.

Today it is as if the game had sunk without a trace. Gone now are the small wooden arenas heavy with smoke and the deafening noise of roller skates, the crunch of bone on hardwood and the rabid, rollicking crowds that often numbered in the thousands. All that remain of those glory days are some fading memories, a few mementos and newspaper clippings.

The game began in the late 1870s, when wealthy young socialites at their summer haunts in Newport, R.I. belabored the paving of the polo season each fall. They started playing a proletarian version of the game—on roller skates, a new national craze—and moved the whole thing indoors. They used substantially the same equipment, including a polo goal later modified to a sort of wire hockey cage, but limited themselves to one-tenth the space; the regulation playing area was 30 by 40 feet.

The new game was an immediate hit, and soon Ivy League young bloods picked it up and returned to school with it. At that point it was just a pastime like scrub football or pickup baseball, but before long slick promoters saw in it a money-maker and started forming franchises, bidding for players and streamlining the rules.

In time the professional version spread through most of the Northeast. The New England League featured teams like the Providence Grays (later the Bears), the Waterbury Blues, the Newport Trogans, the Salem Witches and the New Bed-

ford Whalers. The Taunton (Mass.) franchise briefly considered a club nickname to match the town's—Herringtons—but decided the name offered too many opportunities for verbal mischief and called itself simply The Taunton Club. Whatever the teams were called, roller polo excited people, and New York soon started a league with teams in Albany, Amsterdam, Newburgh and Gloversville. From there franchises spread to the Midwest and such thriving cities as Muncie, Ind.

The game was fast and tough. It opened when a bright-red hard-rubber ball was dropped into a neutral zone, called "the spot," in the middle of the

floor. On that signal, the opposing first rushes (forwards) skated from their own cages to the center of the floor, where there was a fierce battle for the ball with four-foot-long sticks resembling those used in field hockey. After one player gained control, play then proceeded about as it does in ice hockey for four 12-minute periods. Another race to the spot followed each goal, and ties were played off promptly by sudden death.

Goalies had the toughest time of it. The ball booted around like lightning, and because players often tried to screen one another's shots a goalie needed protection. He wore a baseball-type chest protector and mask, padded gloves, fiber

continued



WILD BILL DUGGAN (SEATED, LEFT) AND UNKNOWN FRIENDS FROM AN UNKNOWN TEAM

shin pads two to three feet high—and no roller skates.

Penalty shots were awarded for rule infractions, and when the goalie had to go one-on-one against a man with a hard shot in a noisy, smoky, poorly lighted building, he really strained for something extra. The ball was fired so hard and fast that arenas had nets above the boards to protect the spectators. Maybe they protected fans from the players as well, since the threat of a participant going after a loudmouth was always real. Players wore leggings and jerseys for uniforms, carried the hockeylike sticks fastened by 10-inch leather straps to their wrists, plus shin pads and crudely padded roller skates fitted with a piece of metal that helped them stop and turn quicker.

Of all the memorable figures that made roller polo such a rage during its heyday, none was more exciting than Wild Bill Duggan, who died in 1971 at the age of 82. Duggan was the game's all-time best first rush. He set all the scoring records and was a hero to an entire generation of spectators that followed the sport from its beginning.

Fast and agile, Duggan played tennis and minor league baseball to stay in shape for roller polo, and after an outstanding career in local polo, he turned pro at 18, joining Bridgeport of the New England League.

Soon after Duggan broke in, one of the league's best players, Jigger Higgins, skated over to him after a bruising game, clapped him on the shoulder and said, "You're a kid, but you'll do well at this game." The name Kid stuck for a while, but it proved a pulled nickname for the speedy, nimble, switch-shooting scorer that Duggan became, so they began calling him Wild Bill. One of his trademarks was a habit of yipping like a wild man during heated games.

He was of a breed that one ad called "sturdy, stocky fellows" who made action "under any conditions." The game of roller polo, the ad went on, would "arouse the sluggish blood, make the businessman forget his troubles and afford much food for heated argument the following day. It will undoubtedly become the national indoor sport."

It might have, too, if players and promoters hadn't tried so hard to sweeten their pot by refusing to share the spoils. Teams carried few substitutes because the regulars were iron men who played

most of every game and were always on the floor in crucial sudden-death overtimes. Subs saw little action. This practice was a convenient way for veteran players to keep competition at bay. Salaries were high for the time: from about \$50 up to \$75 a week, and though only stars like Duggan received the higher figure it was still big money. It enticed enough of the best amateurs like Duggan to turn pro, but it was also sufficient to encourage veterans to stick around to discourage newcomers.

Sucking together was another way players protected their own. Once, when Duggan was out a month with blood poisoning, his teammates chipped in enough to make up his normal pay. It was worth it. Duggan meant a championship, and they were not about to overlook the year-end bonus for the champs.

Duggan's record shows how effective he was. His speed and mobility, helped by his switch-shooting—the roller polo equivalent of switch-hitting, in which you draw the defender in by carrying the stick on one side of the body, then deftly switch it to the other side for the shot—made him a terror. Still, he had one hang-up that gave him fits. He could never beat Jigger Higgins to the spot.

He came to be obsessed by this. Finally, one night early in the 1910 season, Duggan decided to change his approach. He'd beaten everyone but the canny record holder, Higgins, the year before, and he was angry. With the whole off-season to simmer over it, he decided on a strategy. He would watch the referee instead of Higgins as he got ready for the sprint to center rink at the drop of the ball. As the referee placed the whistle between his lips and held the ball over the floor, Duggan rose from his haunches, ready. He stared hard at the referee's chest as it slowly expanded with air, paused imperceptibly and then shot forward—just a split second ahead of the whistle that shattered the silence.

Duggan set two alltime records that night: quickest goal scored (three seconds from the whistle) and most rushes in a game (24). He kept that edge all through the record-setting 1910 season, tearing up defenses and rewriting the books. Most rushes to the spot—1,056, almost 200 more than Higgins' previous 879—and most times winning the rush in a season, 847, which meant he won about 85% of his rushes. His

strategy had unquestionably paid off.

Fans loved it. Night after night they packed themselves into the little local arenas that were the stadiums of their day. Their gusto spilled over into local amateur leagues, and even into the streets where kids played pickup games.

Duggan and Big Fred Jean, his back-up man, were the game's superstars, yet they were friendly rivals. Oldtimers tell of the season that Jean had been getting a relentless razzing from some spectator who followed the team from game to game. Jean offered Duggan a box of cigars to locate the culprit, who always cut loose when Jean had the ball and couldn't look up. Duggan agreed, but although he found the razer he never told Jean it was Jean's own kid brother, getting even for Jean's one-upmanship at home. Duggan did put a stop to the nightly harassment, but he never collected the cigars.

While it lasted, roller polo drew fine crowds in most cities, so many that wealthy Florida backers persuaded Duggan and a team to tour there to arouse fan enthusiasm. It didn't work. There was too much other action outdoors for Floridians. But up north the game continued to flourish until World War I. That conflict took not only personnel but a good-sized chunk of the change available for sports, and except for New York State, where use of state armories with their large capacities made the game briefly profitable, it never really got rolling again after Armistice Day.

Revivals did spring up, even as late as 1940, when Duggan and others tried to rekindle once hot box offices. The last game was played in Taunton, Duggan's hometown, in the Odd Fellows Hall. Duggan played second rush. He was over 50 then, and slower, as were his ex-teammate Jean and ex-rival Higgins, but they played because they loved the game. Nothing came of it. They were all too old, the game was too old, and it was never played again professionally.

Roller polo settled into legend. So did Duggan, who opened a combination news shop and poolroom in Taunton, and plastered it with pictures and mementos of the highlights of a lost era. They were the last links for Wild Bill Duggan with a sport that was once his, but was finally tucked away into the archives of America's sporting consciousness. **END**



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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 25-27

**PRO BASKETBALL**—NBA. As the season reached its halfway mark, three teams continued between the top two teams in each division. Chicago overtook Milwaukee and led by half a game in the Midwest. Nate Archibald, the scoring leader, continued to keep Kansas City-Oklahoma a contender and also set a league record by scoring 100 in more than 10 minutes. The Lakers and Celtics played a homecourt series in the Atlantic. Dr. J. R. Brown was a 144 97 victor. Ben the Armadillo won the first night in New York 97-90 to remain in second place. 812 behind. Philadelphia's Larry Bird scored in 27 straight games. He led the team to beat the 76ers then. The defeat in 22 games. Neither Atlanta nor Baltimore posted in the Central Division and remained tied for third. The Pistons won half a game back. Cleveland, behind the playmaking of Larry Williams, moved to within 1 1/2 games of first. For the first time in his 13 years with the Lakers, Eric West was thrown out of a game. Bill Laskey, now in 12th consecutive game, hit 100 in a Phoenix, in which the Pacific division lead in first games over Golden State. Miltiades Adams scored 18, his best as a Warrior. The night before, West recorded 18 assists in a 140-123 victory over Detroit.

**AAU**. Only 516 games separated all five teams in the East Division. Kentucky defeated first-place Carolina 115-111 behind Dan Boyd's 31 and a 10-point Virginia. My games back, gained with a 122-100 triumph over Virginia. Texas Irving, the league's leading scorer, had a regular season career high of 46 points for the Seagulls. Defending champion Los Angeles to lead the West Division with a 141-100 victory in a 275-game effort over Denver with 141-100 victory against San Diego. Denver received 19 assists in a 110-100 victory over the 76ers. The Cavaliers, Dallas, in first place, gained at the expense of Utah with a 97-94 win. Rich Jones scored 24 points.

**BOWLING**. For the second straight time, DON PETERSON won the \$50,000 Brainerd World Open in Colorado Springs. He took the \$12,000 first prize by defeating Mark Wood 201-181.

**BOKING**—MUMBAI. All knocked out Bob Finkel in the eighth round of a heavyweight bout last night by knocking him out.

**CRICKET**—ENGLAND. Last Test match, the NCA individual 110 with a 24-13 loss over the middle. Cricket, County Club in Houston, but TILSONMANI, with 100 runs in the first series, was the team 100.

**PRO FOOTBALL**—AFC. DALLAS led a game slide from the Western Division championship with a 24-1 victory over its only competitor, Kansas City. The Raiders are 3-1 with games remaining and the Chiefs are 2-6. CLEVELAND, PITTSBURGH and CINCINNATI, all winners, maintained the status quo in the Central Division. The Browns defeated Buffalo 27-10 to remain tied for first place with the Steelers, who beat Houston 21-10. Buffalo, in turn, beat Pittsburgh 27-10. The Steelers, who had won seven games in five months more than 100. Coach Paul Brown started quarterback Nard Carter, who was further away, Chicago, and Carter came out with a 13-13 win that left the Bengals three games behind the leaders. Marty Robinson threw three touchdown passes. RALPH HINDS, in a 10-0 triumph over New England. Wade Houston Division led, already clinched by MIAMI, the only New York Jets 10-1 had only one outside chance of a wild-card selection. NANCY DEED beat Houston 34-20.

**NFL**. WASHINGTON scored most of a championship berth either as the Eastern Division champion—which eventually, as a wild-card with a 21-16 win over Green Bay. Quarterback Billy Allen threw a pair of touchdown passes for the Redskins. NEW YORK came off on a scoring spree, the highest in its history, with a 42-38 victory over the Eagles to remain in contention as a possible wild-card playoff entry. Washington's wide receivers could not get the Redskins to the end of the game. The Eagles would lose to the league's top-ranked offense. DETROIT, 17-20, met to meet the Jets on Thanksgiving. The Jets, in a dramatic 17-10 victory, won the Central Division with the Packers. Both sides had three 4-4 and the Vikings are six game back with three to play. SAN FRANCISCO (from 1-11) beat the Cowboys 38-10 on Thanksgiving Day to take possession of first place in the Western Division. The 49ers required some unexpected help from NEW ORLEANS, which defeated Los Angeles 19-16 on a 35-yard field goal by Happy Tal-

ley in the final three seconds. ATLANTA led to come from behind in a 21-20 win over Denver to turn in half a game behind the 49ers.

**HOCKEY**. NHL. Atlanta (from 2-1), a new addition, has become a favorite and after his 41-year-old Alex DeBray of Detroit, who was making news in his 22nd season. The Red Wings, center scored two goals in a 6-4 victory over the Oilers. The second, who in 1970-71, was his 30th and 34th point of the season for a career total of 219 points, tying him for second place on the all-time list with Jean Beliveau. Boston's Bobby Orr scored a pair of goals, his third and fourth of the season, as the Bruins beat the Red Wings 4-2. Orr also had a goal and two assists in a 4-0 triumph over the Flames. Montreal kept its hold on first place in the East Division with a 9-1 win over Vancouver. Frank Mahovlich, Jacques Lemaire and Murray Wilson scored two goals apiece for the Canadiens. Chicago moved into a first-place tie with Pittsburgh in the West by beating St. Louis 4-2. The Penguins took a 2-0 lead in the Pacific Division. York Islanders on a pair of goals by Leo Poles, who had to settle for a 2-2 tie, slipping a winning margin of one in a 10-4 victory over the Penguins. Pittsburgh broke a losing streak by scoring two goals in a 2-0 win from the final period.

**WHA**. The league posted a 3-5 winning record, hard to satisfy a team that had 10 winning games. Bobby Hull will be allowed to play as long as a head was pinned to insure against possible damage to the NHL in future discussions. After winning a 4-2 victory over Houston because of a restraining order by a court judge in Chicago, Hull returned to play against Quebec, and scored twice in a 3-0 triumph. His second goal broke a 1-1 tie for the Jets, who lead the West Division. Despite a 3-1 loss to Minnesota, Cleveland remained in first place in the East. New York moved into third place, just behind New England, with a 4-2 win over Atlanta, the fourth straight victory for the Red Wings.

**TENNIS**—ARTUR ASHE defeated Bob Lutz 7-2 in a fifth set tie breaker to win the \$50,000 WCT tournament in Reno. Ashe came from behind in the final set to win a 6-2, 3-6, 6-1, 1-6, 6-1 victory in a match worth \$25,000 to the winner.

**WATER POLO**. Led by Kathy Horne, CORAL GABLES, Fla. defeated Cincinnati 9-4 to win the N-1000 AAU Women's championship.

**SPORTS AWARDED**. TO CARLTON FINK of the Boston Red Sox and DON MATELACK of the New York Mets, Rookie of the Year, for the American and National League respectively, in the Baseball Writers Association of America.

**FIELD**. New Mexico State University Football Coach JIM WOOD, who did not have a winning season in five years and was 2-9 this season.

**RETIRED**. The presidency of the Philadelphia Phillies by H. R. M. (Red) CARPENTER JR. 57, in his last. H. R. M. (Red) CARPENTER JR. 57, making him the youngest president in baseball.

**RETIRED**. The president of the Los Angeles Dodgers, at age 51, after nine major league seasons, citing for a more settled life.

**SIGNED**. To the North American professional league, H. A. CLAUSER, 41, 57, who was fired from coaching after winning three gold medals in the 1968 Olympics.

**DIED**. FRANCIS S. FRANKS, 61, was the 1950-60 University of Pennsylvania basketball coach and former coach and athletic director at Williams University, in Philadelphia.

**DIED**. A member of the National Hockey League's Hall of Fame, DRICKER HALL, 56, who played on the Chicago Black Hawks. Played in the NHL from 1940s, after a long illness, in Sarnia, Ontario, Canada.

**DIED**. HERB McQUILLAN, 79, former baseball coach at Southern University and a member of the Texas Christian and Texas A&M, after a brief illness, in Tallahassee, Fla.

CREDITS			
24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100	22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100	22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100	22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

# FACES IN THE CROWD



**OWEN GORMAN**, a 41-year-old plumber from Costa Mesa, Calif., is the top cross-country runner at Orange Coast College. He became eligible for the team by enrolling in four night courses. In six meets he finished first twice and second three times for the Pirates.



**SUSIE REPOGLE**, a freshman at Oak Park-River Forest High, led her school to the first Illinois State Girls tennis championship by winning the singles title over Donna Yurich 6-3, 6-2. She is the top-ranked 14-year-old player in the Chicago District.



**ALLEN AND BRUCE TAYLOR**, 16-year-old twins at John Jay High in Cross River, N.Y., play both offense and defense for the football team. The 6', 185-pound junior halfbacks have both starters since their freshman year as the team compiled a winning streak of 27 straight games before losing to unbeaten Sleepy Hollow 31-32 in the New York State Section 1, Class A championship. The Taylor brothers have scored 47 career touchdowns and have totaled 3,996 yards. Allen has 30 TDs and 2,893 yards and Bruce has 17 and 1,073.



**GRAIG PASCHAL**, a 9-year-old climber from Grandview, topped out the State of Washington by reaching the summits of five mountains. He scaled Mt. St. Helens, Glacier Peak, Mt. Baker, Mt. Adams and Mt. Rainier. He climbed Oregon's Mt. Hood twice.



**DAN RODDICK** of Knappton, playing on the site of the first Rutgers Princeton football game from a parking lot, caught 10 goals and threw for six in a 29-27 win over the Tigers in an Ultimate Innecbe game. He was the game's Most Valuable Player.



**GREGS**



**GREGS**

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## NOT BANKRUPT

Sirs,

Re your statement, "Squaw Valley has been nipped by the black frost of bankruptcies" (*The New Steamplains Are Shm-plains*, Nov. 20):

Last season, skier acceptance of Squaw Valley USA hit a new peak—there was a 29% increase in lift receipts over any previous year and net cash flow exceeded \$1.5 million.

This summer a capital expenditure of \$900,000 produced one new double chairlift, two other lifts modernized, new equipment of all kinds and a 50% increase in parking area.

To start this 1972-73 season Squaw Valley USA's great skiing facilities include a 120-passenger aerial tramway (the world's largest), an 8,000-foot 600-passenger-per-hour gondola, 18 double-chair lifts and four platform lifts (for a total uphill capacity of 22,500 skiers per hour)—all on an internationally famous mountain largely owned in fee.

Right now (Nov. 19) we have five feet of new snow, 4,600 skiers and \$250,000 cash sitting in the bank.

If this is bankruptcy, who needs to be solvent?

ALEXANDER C. CHISHOLM  
President  
Squaw Valley USA

Squaw Valley, Calif.

• SI's statement was intended to refer to disappointments of the State of California in associated ventures in Squaw Valley rather than to the successful efforts of Mr. Chisholm. Skiing is, of course, very much alive and well at Squaw.—ED.

## HIGH TIDE

Sirs,

I was beginning to grow accustomed to the fact that Alabama did have the best team on the field Saturday Nov. 11, even though the Crimson Tide was somewhat stymied throughout the first half by our faded Tiger defense. Then I read your article *It's Alabama in a Rumor* (Nov. 20) by Roy Blount Jr. May a cross burn in your yard forever.

On every football card I saw during game week, Alabama was favored by 10 to 14 points over LSU. We were looking for an upset, yes, but we were by no means tabbed as the favorite in that game. Had LSU taken advantage of Alabama's turnovers as well as "Bama took advantage of LSU's, it could easily have been a victory for the Tigers and a major upset.

We'd still like to see the Bear walk on

water. We'd also like to see our quarterback, Ron Jones, win the Heisman Trophy.

DARRELL TORRESE

Baton Rouge

Sirs,

Bear Bryant and the Crimson Tide finally have shown their true color—yellow. This year's Alabama team is supposed to be better than last year's, with Terry Davis better than ever and the Weibrecht much more refined and explosively executed. If this is all so, why doesn't Bryant put his Super-man team right in the Orange or Sugar Bowl? "Oh, I forgot! The team wants a change of scenery. I guess that's what I would want, too, if all the scenery I saw in last year's Orange Bowl game was the real, Red, R.I.D. of Nebraska completely overwhelming it. And, of course, they can't go to the Sugar Bowl, either, because, damn it, there is that awful color red again. Only this time it belongs to Oklahoma.

LINDA CONNER

Venice, Fla.

Sirs,

Being from a state where you are either an Alabama fan or a Yankee, I feel compelled to rebut one remark by Roy Blount in an otherwise fine article about Terry Davis and the Tide. He said Alabama would accept a bid to play Texas in the Cotton Bowl, "thereby avoiding Nebraska or Oklahoma and a tougher game."

Alabama is obviously looking to play the team that is likely to have the best record in order to achieve the best possible claim to No. 1. Everyone knows that is the only way the Bear plays football.

WALTER SHERRIN

Fort McClellan, Ala.

Sirs:

Concerning your article and the comment, "When last seen, Terry Davis and his Crimson Tide were rolling on," it now appears everyone knows where they were in such a mad scramble to get to the Chicken Bowl. It is hoped that any sportswriter who votes Alabama No. 1 will maintain the theme by doing so with a feathered pen.

WALTER SAWYER

Oklahoma City

## DELAWARE'S SPORT

Sirs,

Hats off to SI for giving recognition to a bona fide collegiate football powerhouse, the University of Delaware Blue Hens. Collegiate football is not Southern California or Alabama winning the mythical national championship, nor is it Notre Dame, where eight players were selected in the opening

rounds of last year's first draft. Collegiate football is epitomized by Delaware, where football is a sport, not a way of life.

It is a tribute to Athletic Director Dave Nelson and Coach Tubby Raymond that the Delaware football program is invariably successful despite only 12 grants-in-aid per year. This year was no exception. The Blue Hens swept to their first undefeated season since 1963, won the small college national title for the second consecutive time and their fifth straight Lamori Cup, symbol of Eastern football supremacy.

STEVE KOHLER

Roosevelt, N.J.

## BUFFALO'S CLAIM TO FAME

Sirs,

Thanks to Mark Mufson for an article that really tells it like it is about the Buffalo Sabres (*Don't Call a Buffalo the Sabres*, Nov. 20). You did forget to mention one thing, though. Behind every good team is a good coach. Just look at what the Miami Dolphins have done this year because of Coach Don Shula. Well, Joe Crozier of Buffalo may not be the best-known coach around, but our young Sabres do win for him. In a couple of years, when the Sabres win the Stanley Cup, people will really know who Joe Crozier and our Sabres are.

ROBERT W. JONES

Clarence, N.Y.

Sirs,

It was the greatest article about a Buffalo sports team I've ever seen. Thanks.

MICHAEL OTTE

Buffalo

## SLICKROCK

Sirs,

Concerning the article *A Stream of Food Memory* (Nov. 13) by Ellington Whigg, I have been to the Slickrock Creek and Joyce Kilmer Memorial Forest area, and it is indeed a rare and wonderful place. It brings to mind the song by Jimi Mitchell which says, "You don't know what you've got till it's gone. Take paradise and put up a parking lot." 'Tis sad.

RAMON SHANE

Blacksburg, Va.

## COON HUNTING

Sirs,

For many years I have read and admired Seymour Hersh's articles. In particular, I recall the remarkable series by Jack Olsen about poisoning (*The Poisoning of the West*, March 8, 1971 et seq.). In view of this, perhaps you can imagine my surprise, amazement and horror on picking up your Nov. 13 issue and finding the article *To To, To*.

JOHN J. GALT

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## 19TH HOLE

*Read Us Racco, Hon Hon* about raccoon hunting, which was incredibly naïvely written, at least as far as a vestige of humanity or decency is concerned. From your magazine I would not only expect more, I would demand more. If those of us who work in the field of anti-cruelty to animals cannot protect one of the most charming and intelligent of all animals, how in God's name can we do anything for the less favorably endowed?

"The point of most coon hunting," the author writes, "is not killing coons. It is the feeling of getting close to animals." Such astuteness reminds me of a hunter who once told me that his wife loved lions even as she was shooting them.

I hope that raccoon hunting can be truly illustrated in a future article that will demonstrate not only the immorality of this "sport," but also in many cases its illegality. Meanwhile, your readers may be interested to know that The Fund for Animals is deeply concerned and has been actively campaigning against this atrocity.

CLEVELAND AMBER

President

The Fund for Animals, Inc.

New York City

Sirs:

I read your article on coon hunting, and hated every bit of it. There may have been a time when such hunting was necessary for protection of a farmer's crops, but if what I understand from your article is true most of today's raccoon hunters are not farmers but profane to be engaging in a sport. I do not believe there is any sportsmanship involved when you start playing games with the life of an animal. Dogs may instinctively chase raccoons, but when men become involved in what is normally nature's battle of survival of the fittest, the battle becomes unfair and cruel.

GEORGE B. SULLIVAN

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sirs:

I am amazed that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* would dignify such barbarism as coon hunts in a magazine devoted to sports. Men who torment live animals for enjoyment should not be glorified in a national magazine. The article was disgusting, the pictures even more so. Cancel my subscription immediately.

THEODORE D. PETER

Hubbard, Ohio

Sirs:

I sincerely hope your motives were humane in printing the article. If your intent was to induce nausea and disgust for the "sport," then you succeeded admirably and I have no criticism of your editorial policy.

VIRGINIA PETERS

Elkhorn, N.J.

## TO RUSSIA WITH BUBBLE GUM

Sirs:

Whitney Tower's diary of his trip to the "graveyards of Russia's thoroughbred industry" (*Journal into a Secret Land*, Nov. 6) brought back some memories. As publicity director at Yonkers Raceway, I was responsible, in 1963, for bringing the very first Soviet harness horses to America. I correspond quite regularly with Dmitri Urnov, who acted as an interpreter for Mr. Tower. However, to lightly describe Dmitri as merely an interpreter is not to do him justice. He is a tremendous guy with great depth and a decent human being who keeps open the bridge of communications between the ordinary citizens of the two great powers.

On Oct. 13, 1963 my birthday was celebrated by members of the Ministry of Agriculture of the Soviet Union in Pyatigorsk. The caviar was great but the eight-ounce tumblers of vodka paralyzed my teeth and gave me cramps in the ankle. I wonder if Mr. Tower tried a couple of glasses of mate's milk as I did. It slakes your thirst, relieves fatigue and is considered a most superior food for its nutritious value.

I too visited Moscow's State Farm No. 1 and brought with me at least 50 pieces of bubble gum with baseball cards. I was stabbed and almost trampled by the crowd of Russian kids who thronged around me. Somewhere in various homes around the collective I hope there are young boys who still hoard these picture cards of Sands, Koufax, Frank Robinson, Willie Mays and other great baseball stars in America.

IRVING R. HILL

New York City

## MIAMI'S "VICTORY"

Sirs:

We could not disagree with you more concerning your contention that the University of Miami should have forfeited its disputed victory in the now notorious "fifth-down" game (*SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Nov. 6).

Over the years, football has had to put up with officials' mistakes. In general, they do a superb job under extremely tough conditions, but let's face it, they are human and will make mistakes. This has been and always will be part of the game.

It is quite clear that Miami did indeed get an extra down in that game, but is it not equally clear that Oakland's Jack Tatum scored an illegal touchdown by running with a muffed lateral that the officials perceived as a fumble in a game against Green Bay earlier this season? This play proved to cost the Packers the game, and it may end up costing them a berth in the playoffs. But we did not hear any screaming that Oakland should forfeit that game. On the contrary, people accepted the incident as human error. The case is similar in the Miami-Tulane affair. A human mistake cost

continued

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